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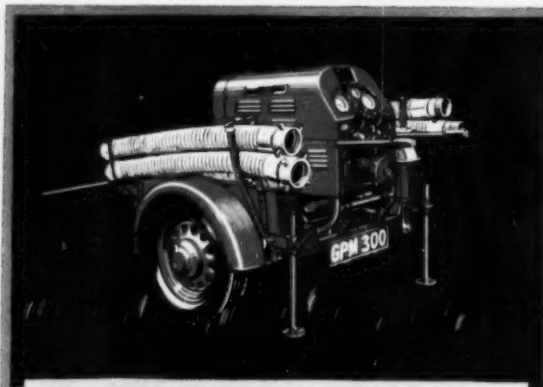
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And there the old fellow
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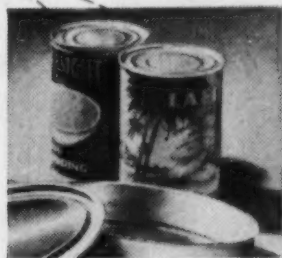
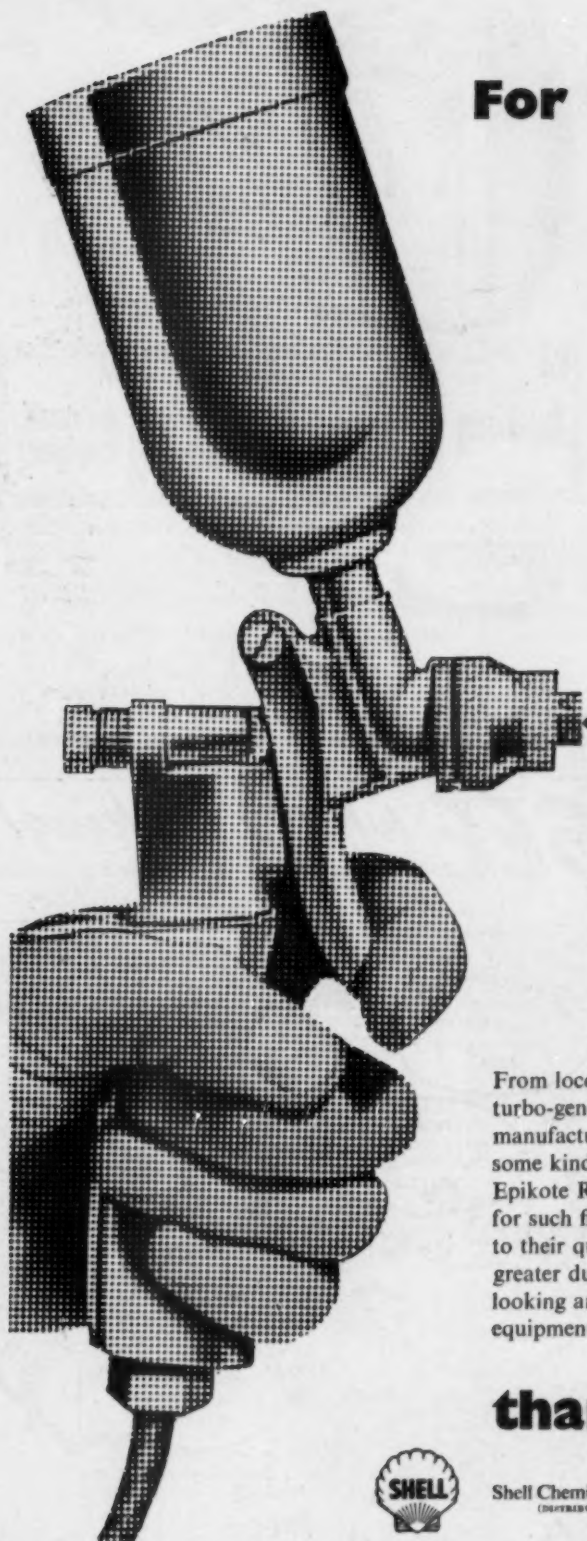
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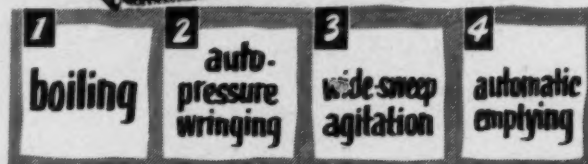
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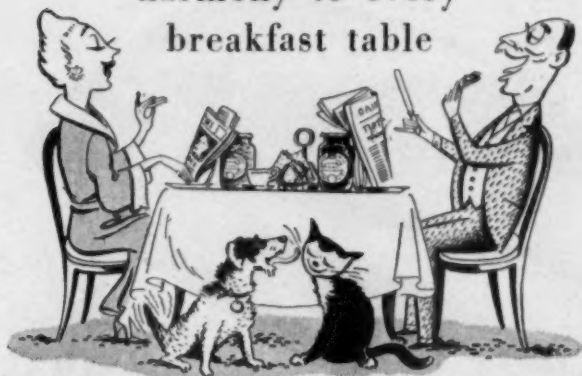
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bring an exquisite note of
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TIPTREE A marmalade to conjure the appetite. Made from Seville oranges and pure sugar with really tender peel in medium-thick strips. In 1 lb. jars 1/9d.



TAWNY For those who like to come across big juicy chunks of glistening peel, this Seville orange marmalade is delight indeed. In 1 lb. jars 1/9d.

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Jam Manufacturers



to the late
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Danish Blue

A noble cheese, Sir...

blue-veined . . piquant . . perfect with most meals

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of fine French descent, characterized
by light nervous elegance of head and limbs."

So wrote Senator Couteaux in 1898 when he recorded his preparation of a ravishing dish called Lièvre à la Royale.

This masterpiece took from noon until seven o'clock to materialize. By six o'clock an exquisite aroma issued from the Restaurant Spüller, where the Senator was in the kitchen making ready for his guests. Faint at first, the glorious smell grew stronger, halting the passers-by on the boulevard. The crowd, as the

Senator remarked, were "deeply moved."

Senator Couteaux is one of our heroes down at Heinz. His attitude to food is something our chefs understand—and share. Indeed, it is this very attitude that ensures the unfailing excellence of flavour to be found in all Heinz foods. Beneath the pictures of our food we write the caption "A meal that took years to prepare." And it's the simple truth.

HEINZ 57

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He's on his way up . . .

The successful executive knows that to give his ability the right setting at the right moment is to shorten his way up. His choice of the Wolseley Six-Eighty is instinctively apt. It is impressive but not showy. It has a quiet, distinctive character. It is a very much more economical car to buy and to run than its performance, appearance and famous name would suggest. It is, in fact, the perfect car for the sort of business conducted in the weekend club-house as well as in the board room. Maybe there is a tide in your affairs that calls for serious consideration of this attractive car.

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Plenty of head and leg room for five people within the wheelbase.
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Came off far better than he thought;
The learned judge awarded Horace
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... and what a wonderful
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MORRIS**
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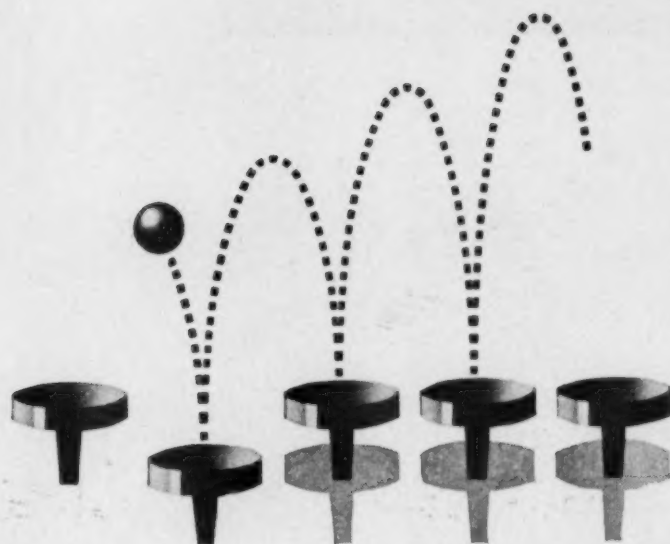


CHAPLINS
fine sherries
and Concord ports



CELESTA a delicate pale dry Fino
MARINA a rare Manzanilla
St. TERESA distinctive Amontillado
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TOM BOWLING rich brown Oloroso
TARANTELA traditional dark sherry

W. H. Chaplin & Co. Ltd., Tower Hill, London, E.C.3
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clearness
of copy
lightness
of touch
and **speed**

are common features of all

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Clarity of typing is ensured by the rigidity of the carriage and by the accelerating typebar action. The typebar action operates on the principle of progressive acceleration, which ensures a very high speed and the surprisingly light "Olivetti touch".



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An office typewriter incorporating in its design and workmanship the most advanced precision engineering techniques. It is new and complete: new because the typebar action and the single guide carriage are absolutely original in design. complete because for the first time a single model incorporates all the features found only separately or incompletely in other models.

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...technicians, magicians, technologists, astrologists, chemists, alchemists, romancers and necromancers—all trying to match Esso Extra's unmatched quality. Scientists with hundreds of retorts can't find the reply to Esso Extra's world-wide supremacy. And now, with N.S.O. Esso Extra is not only the fastest, quick-starting petrol on earth, it is kinder to engines and keeps valves and pistons cleaner—much longer.

N.B. N.S.O. is guaranteed not to build up deposits on sparking plugs or to corrode valve and exhaust systems.



WITH

N.S.O.

(ESSO PATENT)

The finest Petrol in the World



Bottle and Jug

(A passage which, by some oversight, Lewis Carroll never wrote.)

"Hatta's only just out of prison," said Haigha.
"What was he in for?" Alice ventured to ask.
"A month," said the King.
"I mean," said Alice patiently, "what crime had he committed?"
"He's going to take someone else's Guinness," replied the King nervously.
"But does he go to prison *before* he takes the Guinness?" asked Alice.

"Of course," said the King. "That's how we do it in Looking-Glass Land. It's much better that way. Then when he does take it no-one will mind."
"Except me," said Haigha, stretching out his hand, just too late. "Will you have the goodness to return my Guinness," he cried to Hatta.
"I can't have the Goodness if I return the Guinness," said Hatta. "My Goodness, your Guinness," he added politely.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

(By arrangement with Macmillan & Co. Ltd.)





By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to
The late King George VI



By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
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Precious moments

Through four generations CHERRY HEERING has witnessed as well as created many precious moments. Unchanged since 1818, this old Danish delight will grace your day whenever and wherever you meet with it.



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World famous liqueur since 1818

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*It's a moot point
whether
Sir Francis Drake
would have dressed his
beard with IMPERIAL LEATHER Brilliantine
or shaved it off with IMPERIAL LEATHER
Shaving Soap had Cussons made
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...dependable everywhere!



Only the Cyma-Amic can take the hard knocks of travel life or become a treasured table time-piece at home. A twist of the wrist winds both alarm and precision 10-jewel movement... the big sweep-hand sets your waking to the minute. Available also with a handsome leather travel case.

The Swiss Alarm Clock of Precision.

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'Terylene'
—we have it!



The Stores have everything for everyone: and as everyone is searching for 'Terylene', here it is in all its shrinkproof, mothproof, easily washed, quick drying glory. Better still, it's warm to the touch, never clammy, and needs little or no ironing. Wonderful stuff, 'Terylene'—science from contented scientists

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Specially tailored for us in two-fold, light ivory yarn. Pearl buttons. Collar attached. Coat style. Double cuffs. 14½-17½ collar. £6. 7. 6. Shirts without collars to special order: same price

UNDERWEAR

Cellular weave. Light ivory. Sleeveless vests 36-44. Trunks, elastic waist, 32-44. Either garment 22/6 (post 6d.)

SOCKS

100% 'Terylene', ribbed, navy, grey, brown, lovat. 10-12. Indefinitely hole-proof—and very cheap at 10/6 (post 6d.)

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Our telephones are busy 24 hours a day: ready to note your needs at any time for anything from a bottled chicken to a folding canoe

VICTORIA 1254

Long-distance calls are cheaper between 6 and 10.30 p.m.

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VICTORIA ST SW1 • 5 MINUTES' WALK FROM VICTORIA STATION



One is different: it DISSOLVES

In 'Disprin' the aspirin is made soluble to give relief in the shortest possible time



'Disprin' is unlike almost all other preparations of aspirin: it provides soluble aspirin. Signs of this difference are seen when a Disprin tablet is put into water. At once it becomes active, begins to dissolve. It does not merely disintegrate, break up, and lie inert at the bottom of the glass: it dissolves.

It is self-evident that any tablet which enters the stomach fully dissolved will be more rapidly absorbed and, therefore, more rapid in its effect than one which dissolves only slowly. Disprin enters the stomach as a true solution, ready to be carried, at once, to the pain-centre.

SEE FOR YOURSELF

The Disprin tablet does not merely disintegrate; it dissolves.

Its particles do not lie inert and inactive at the bottom of the glass; they dissolve.

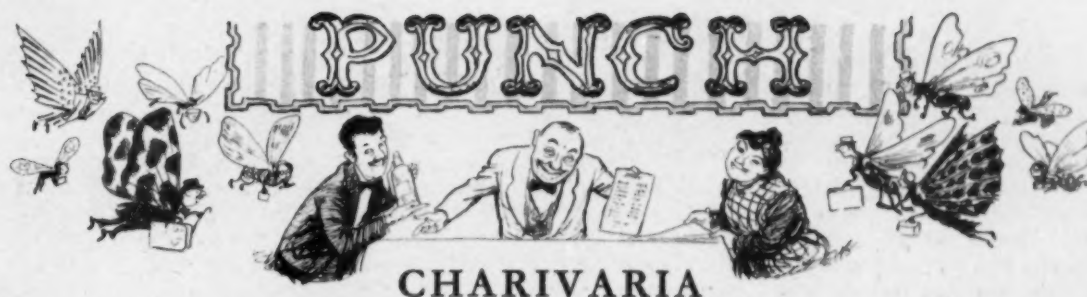
In a few seconds the solution is complete, ready to be absorbed into your system.

Moreover, Disprin is far less acid: you are far less likely to pay for relief from one pain in terms of another.

The risk of heart-burn, dyspepsia or other gastric irritation is greatly reduced.

DISPRIN

For all those conditions in which aspirin would otherwise be taken, Disprin is recommended as being soluble - and far less acid.



CHARIVARIA

THE new London printing of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is now advertised, containing 38,000,000 words, 17,500 illustrations and 736 maps. This is a considerable increase on the words and illustrations in the preceding edition, though it seems likely that the quantity of maps in the atlas section will remain more or less the same—including five of the British Isles, two of Russia and fifty-one of the U.S.A.

Straight and Narrow

A SHORT list of heresies rampant in Yugoslavia has been prepared by Mr. Rankovic, secretary of the Yugoslav Communist Party executive; they include inactivity, bureaucracy,



particularism, localism, petit bourgeois anarchism, indiscipline, opportunism, familiarity and the survival of a religious sense. Even the most conscientious Party member may have his work cut out to avoid all pitfalls, and may, in fact, easily fall into two pits at once by becoming, say, an inactive particularist. His only hope is to reflect that few of his colleagues come through unscathed—and those who do end up as Titoists anyway.

Disappointing

BROWSING through the yellowed archives for spring, 1954, future historians may discern signs that the Planning Era was beginning to crumble. The Archbishop of Canterbury has drawn attention to the planned estate at New Addington, where the plan has produced "fifteen thousand people with nothing to do." The President of the Association of Building Technicians

tells how the plan to empty London of industry fails because when a firm obediently vacates its factory and goes to the provinces, a provincial firm usually moves in and snaps up the factory immediately. The British Institute of Management is finding that its efforts to plan careers come to grief on the score that men completing study courses go back to work so full of reforming zeal that they get sacked as trouble-makers. And Russia's planned agriculture, "engulfed by red tape" and gasping under "bureaucratic methods and excessive centralization" (says *Pravda*), has fewer acres under cultivation than it had ten years ago.

Place for Everything

DEFENSIVE huddles of Civil Servants are said to be gathering in Whitehall, as a result of Government proposals to cut down on extravagant supplies of office furniture. It seems that while they don't mind being without chairs or desks they are disturbed at the thought of a shortage of pigeon-holes.

Occluded Front

ANYONE who thought that British weather had been getting its full share of publicity in the Press, over the air or on the television screen, must



have been surprised at a viewer's complaint that the whole business of isotopes, barometer fluctuations and troughs of low pressure was a mystery to him. "Only about ten per cent of viewers," he wrote, "understand what a depression really means." It is doubtful whether, through any channel,

the B.B.C. can afford yet further enlightenment on meteorological subjects, but if the complainant cared to watch his screen with unremitting application every evening for a week or so, and then jot down his feelings, he might have something like an answer.

Little Learning

MASS-OBSERVATION has been finding out what people know about celebrities in the news. It did not



amount to very much. Senator McCarthy was thought to be an aircraft designer, a singer and a boxer; Sir Edmund Hillary a murderer, a musician and a judge; Dr. Alfred Kinsey a Member of Parliament, a B.B.C. gardening expert and the author of *The Water Babies*. It looks as if the newspaper, radio and television quizzes are doing little, after all, to supplement ordinary education, and Miss Horabrug might do well to press for the reintroduction of the cigarette-card.

One-way Only

OFFICIAL publications of the London Transport Executive warn that it cannot be held responsible if trains and buses are late or do not run, that it does not guarantee that services will run to time or at all, and that it disclaims liability for inaccuracies in its official publications. This seems to take care of everything, except the passengers.

Acute State of Welfare

SOCIAL workers in Manchester are much concerned about the mother who was visited at her home by the

local probation officer at a time when she was already being interviewed by a school welfare officer, a city councillor, a mental health visitor and a children's department boarding-out officer. It is being asked why no sanitary inspector was sent along to investigate this flagrant case of overcrowding, and why the mother, with all these people in the house, was not told that she could apply for a home help.

Unjust Cause or Impediment

ADVANCE criticism is already being levelled at a Hollywood plan to make a million-dollar picture on the theme of "America's age-long contribution to individual liberty"; it is objected (a) that this will be nothing but propaganda to counteract world alarm about McCarthyism, and (b) that the subject is one which Hollywood is incapable of putting compellingly on the screen. As to (a), a little propaganda on the lines suggested might not be out of place. As to (b), Hollywood can safely assert that its residents lead the world in the matter of giving one another their freedom.

Local Cliché Makes Good

WHEN new, clean-lined atomic plants arise
By Scottish firths and under Cumbrian skies
Will Berkshire guide-books bid us pause awhile
To gaze on Harwell's venerable pile?



"The solution's easy. Shove it under the National Trust and charge the public a couple of bob for wandering around."



CHICKENS AND TOOTHCOMBS

"THE chickens will now come home to roost with a vengeance," wrote a politician recently. I am not mocking him. He is in splendid company. How many a statesman has told his enemy with a bitter smile that his chickens would come home to roost! But why not, you think? Surely it would be a much greater misfortune if his chickens went and roosted elsewhere. And why should the statesman make his prediction in that grim and gloating tone, as if the chickens were dangerous, man-eating vultures? If you think that, you show your ignorance of English literature. The great *Oxford English Dictionary* tells us that a poet called Southey wrote in 1810: "Curses are like young chickens: they always come home to roost." Lytton followed in 1838 with "The curse has come home to roost"; and Lowell in 1887 with "All our mistakes sooner or later surely come home to roost." So "with a vengeance," at first sight surprising, may be admitted—by anyone, at least, who knows the origin of the saying. I still do not think much of it, though, for the simple reason that young chickens are nice to have about, and not in the least like curses, or even mistakes. I recommend statesmen to try something new; dud cheques, letters improperly addressed or unacceptable contributions to the Press.

When you hear anyone speaking sneeringly about "rats leaving the sinking ship," recall the comment attributed to Lord Justice Asquith—"But what a sensible thing to do!"

That applies, as I have said before perhaps—but who cares?—to some politician's favourite cry: "You can't put the clock back!" Why on earth not? We are compelled by law to do it every autumn. The only ridiculous thing is to put the clock *on*, ahead of the facts of life.

It is surprising that this maritime race should use so many nautical expressions wrongly. I heard a lady speaker say, with passion: "The times are perilous. Don't let us throw our sheet-anchor overboard." But that is just what it is for, especially when times are perilous. On the other hand, it is only intended for use in a special emergency: but many speakers talk as

if it were in action all the time, and kept the ship going. "With social justice as our sheet-anchor, let us go forward."

And do not say that someone in the City is "sailing near to the wind" if you mean that he is doing something tricky and sinister which may lead to gaol. "Sailing near to the wind" is part of the ordinary business of beating to windward, one of the cleverest performances of men. If you do it unskilfully and come too near to the wind you may lose speed, you may, in a big ship, get into serious trouble, but there is nothing underhand or wicked about it.

Have you the faintest notion, by the way, why slightly improper jokes and stories are said to be "rather near the knuckle"? Nor have I. And I always thought "The nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat."

It is somewhat saddening to find the "toothcomb" still in many books and papers. First, you remember, the detective "went through a suspect's belongings with a small-tooth comb." Sometimes the hyphen was misplaced and it became, "a small tooth-comb," but the intention was still clear, and the whole picture was pretty vivid. Then someone left out the "small," and the error became a fashion. Searches are now conducted "with a toothcomb"—as if there were some combs that had no teeth! I have had to argue seriously with delicately nurtured ladies who maintained that "toothcomb" is a proper description of the instrument with which they do their hair. One day, perhaps, we shall pass from the "small-bore gun" to the "bore-gun," from "long-term planning" to "term-planning," from "high-heeled shoes" to "heeled-shoes"—and then the ladies may see what I mean.

A. P. H.

Television Mother

I CAN'T get my children to bed—
They thwart me by hook or by crook!

For, deaf to my "Look!" they listen,
And deaf to my "Listen!" they look!

E. V. BOOTH



EMPTY BEDS



A Journalist Looks Back

I Remember the Times

By CLAUD COCKBURN

MY tutor in Philosophy shunned humans even when they were absolutely calm. Excited ones affected him like asphyxia.

It was his unhappy task to offer suitable farewells to undergraduates finally leaving the University. Unhappy because, although naturally glad to see the last of anyone, he dreaded the potentially emotional business of the actual "Good-bye." I saw him groping for a seemly valediction. He loosened his collar to get air, his eyeballs protruding slightly.

"Hitherto," he said at last, "your life has been neatly delimited by school terms and holidays, University terms and vacations. Now you are going down from Oxford and you have—well, one may say that you have an uninterrupted run to the grave."

I mentioned that, to start off the run, I vaguely planned to connect myself with *The Times*. My tutor thought it a fate considerably worse than death. Did I realize I would probably have to

speak to comparative strangers, and write about events as though they were important? But being very properly uninterested in my future, he made no other attempt to dissuade me.

A job with *The Times* was a partly negative ambition, formed to avoid the Foreign Office, which had been so long and so highly recommended that I could think of it only in the words of the songster as "a wonderful opportunity for somebody—somebody else."

To the advocates of a Foreign Office career the notion of "going in for journalism" was pitifully degrading. "And mark you," as a friend of my father told me sternly, "split what hairs you will, mince words as you may, in the last analysis *The Times* is nothing more nor less than sheer journalism."

I got a Travelling Fellowship from Oxford which would let me live on the Continent for two years without committing myself. In that time, I thought, I might ascertain whether journalists

absolutely had to be servile (as reported by a very old friend of the family, who had the latest information from Germany under Bismarck), or corrupt (the contention of another, who had personally known Caillaux), or intolerably vulgar (the view of a third, who had always said Lord Northcliffe should have been hanged).

These hesitations and *hauteurs* were paralleled at Printing House Square. Applications for employment poured in, sometimes producing a kind of *folie de grandeur*. Brilliant and sound, I grant you. But brilliant and sound enough for *The Times*? This one mentions his Triple First, his Double Blue and his uncle the bishop. Estimable, but the dear good chap does only speak four languages. Is one justified in giving him a trial when some more nearly perfect aspirant may already be on his way from Winchester to Balliol? Is indeed anyone, anywhere, truly worthy of *The Times*?

It was an awfully solemn thought

which, if held long enough, could have led to total depopulation of *The Times* offices everywhere. Even *Times* Correspondents sometimes perish or lose all sense of values and seek other employment. I had already met one who had resigned—for a reason which, though uncommon, seemed sufficient. He had formed the opinion that his appointment as a part-time Correspondent had been a Parthian act of malicious sabotage by a retiring Foreign Editor with a grudge against the paper.

"My having the job," he said, "was intended simply to discredit *The Times* in the eyes of the world." His resignation was a touching gesture of loyalty to the paper's best interests.

A minor manpower crisis was in progress at the moment, in the late nineteen-twenties, of which I write. Two Correspondents had acted vexatiously and had to be transferred to other posts. (In those days it was nearly impossible to be sacked by *The Times*. You just got a less important and interesting job at about the same pay. This civilized policy worked excellently and removed the root causes of many journalistic vices.)

One of the unfortunates had developed "views" on something or other—and in *Times* language "viewy" was a cruelly damaging epithet. The other had embarrassed the British Legation in a foreign capital, in Latin America, where he was a part-time correspondent. He had turned up with a girl to whom everyone was quite prepared to believe him married. He was painfully high-principled, and he publicly disabused them of this idea. For valid reasons he was not, and could not be, legally married to her. He wanted to make that perfectly clear. On the other hand, he must insist that she be invited with him to all official functions as though she were indeed his wife. Otherwise he would feel obliged to boycott such functions, and make scenes.

The Legation wrote to the Foreign Office and the Foreign Office wrote to *The Times*, asking them to reason with their man. Could he not, *pro forma*, and to avoid affront to stuffy foreign diplomats, courtiers and ecclesiastics, pretend he was married to the girl? Or at least cease to deny it? Or else leave her at home?

The Times wrote to the part-time

correspondent, so reasoning. Much later one of the Foreign Editorial staff who had been in charge of the negotiations told me the outcome. "He simply wrote that she was his wife in the eyes of God. Surely," he said sighing, "he couldn't have expected *The Times* to see eye to eye with God, could he?"

I knew no one in *The Times* organization, but thought I had a letter from an old friend of his to the Correspondent in Berlin. Supported by the Fellowship I got there and rang him up—at 8.30 a.m., so as to create a good first impression of alertness, not one of these slouching Oxford decadents. It was a mistake, because the man I had the letter to had left *The Times* fifteen months ago, and the real Correspondent, who had taken over the flat, had only just reached bed after a tiring Berlin evening.

He was a man of warm-hearted goodness, which he displayed immediately, behaving as though I really were the friend of an old friend, and pretending to believe I might actually be of use to him in the office Unter den Linden, where he gave me a desk and



"Mais non, m'sieur, it is just an ordinary accident, nothing to do with E.D.C."

half a secretary. He had to spend hours teaching me to do things he could have done himself in a tenth of the time.

This was many years ago, and in those far-off days people were desperately busy about the pros and cons of German Rearmament, the Bolshevik Menace, and Will There Be a World Trade Recession. The Correspondent, Mr. Ebbutt, was overworked. He was also intelligent and courageous, and he needed to be, for he was a man of goodwill. He even believed that one day he would find out what the policy of the British Foreign Office was, and perhaps it would turn out to be intelligent and courageous too.

Visits of Very Important People from London, regarded by most as a wearisome intrusion, he positively welcomed. He thought they would see facts for themselves and understand what he meant. I hoped to meet such people too, thinking it would be illuminating to converse with someone Right At The Top of things. I looked forward with enthusiasm to the visit of a Super-V.I.P. from Printing House Square—an intimate, they said, of Cabinet Ministers—who called at a time when I had rather rashly been left in charge of the Office because everyone else had been rushed to Vienna to cover a major riot, which was supposed to be going to turn into a revolution, and probably loose off World War II.

What the Super-V.I.P. was tremendously keen on was photography, and it turned out that what he had especially come to see was an exhibition

of *Times* photographs at some gallery on the Kurfuerstendamm. He went to it, and arrived Unter den Linden much disappointed. The exhibition was poorly attended. A consequence, he opined, of inadequately energetic publicity by the Berlin staff.

I observed that Berlin, that particular day, was in a state of mass hysteria. The supposed imminence of upheaval, cataclysm and catastrophe might be distracting people's attention from our exhibits. In Vienna, streets were running with blood.

He did not conceal his view that my suggestion was a puerile evasion of responsibility.

"No, no," he said. "The fact is, there has been a failure to make clear the nature of this exhibition. I believe people are under the impression these are simply photographs cut from the pages of *The Times*. If it were realized that these are the *original* photographs, things would be very different."

It was truly awe-inspiring. Mentally, I see that man on a peak beside another dedicated soul, an antiquarian in Cumberland, who once told me that what was wrong with Lloyd-George was that he utterly failed to use the trench-digging experience gained by the troops in World War I to get Hadrian's Wall properly excavated. A better man would have held up demobilization until that had been done.

The V.I.P.'s visit to Berlin was an elevating, a climacteric experience. No statement by any V.I.P. anywhere ever surprised me again.



The Ironmonger

"MAMMA," Serena said, "I yearn,
While in this Shop we wait our
turn,
Some knowledge to Imbibe;
If this an *Ironmonger's* be,
It seems a Curious name to me;
The word's True sense and History
I beg that you'll describe!"

Mamma was not the one to shirk
Such tasks, whate'er the Mental work;
And, quietly, began
A verbal Sketch of one who sold
His iron in the days of old;
How clearly she Portray'd that bold
And leather-jerkin'd man!

He had a shop in Pudding Lane;
Of Bottle-glass his window-pane;
Few were his goods, but Strong.
Some Buckets, big and black and squat,
A very heavy cooking-pot,
A gate, a Crowbar and a lot
Of nails five inches long.

Serena shook her little head;
"O how the World has changed!" she
said.

"The varied Plentitude
At modern Ironmongers' found!
The paints, the soap-flakes by the
Pound,
The leash to Check the straining Hound,
The box of Goldfish food!"

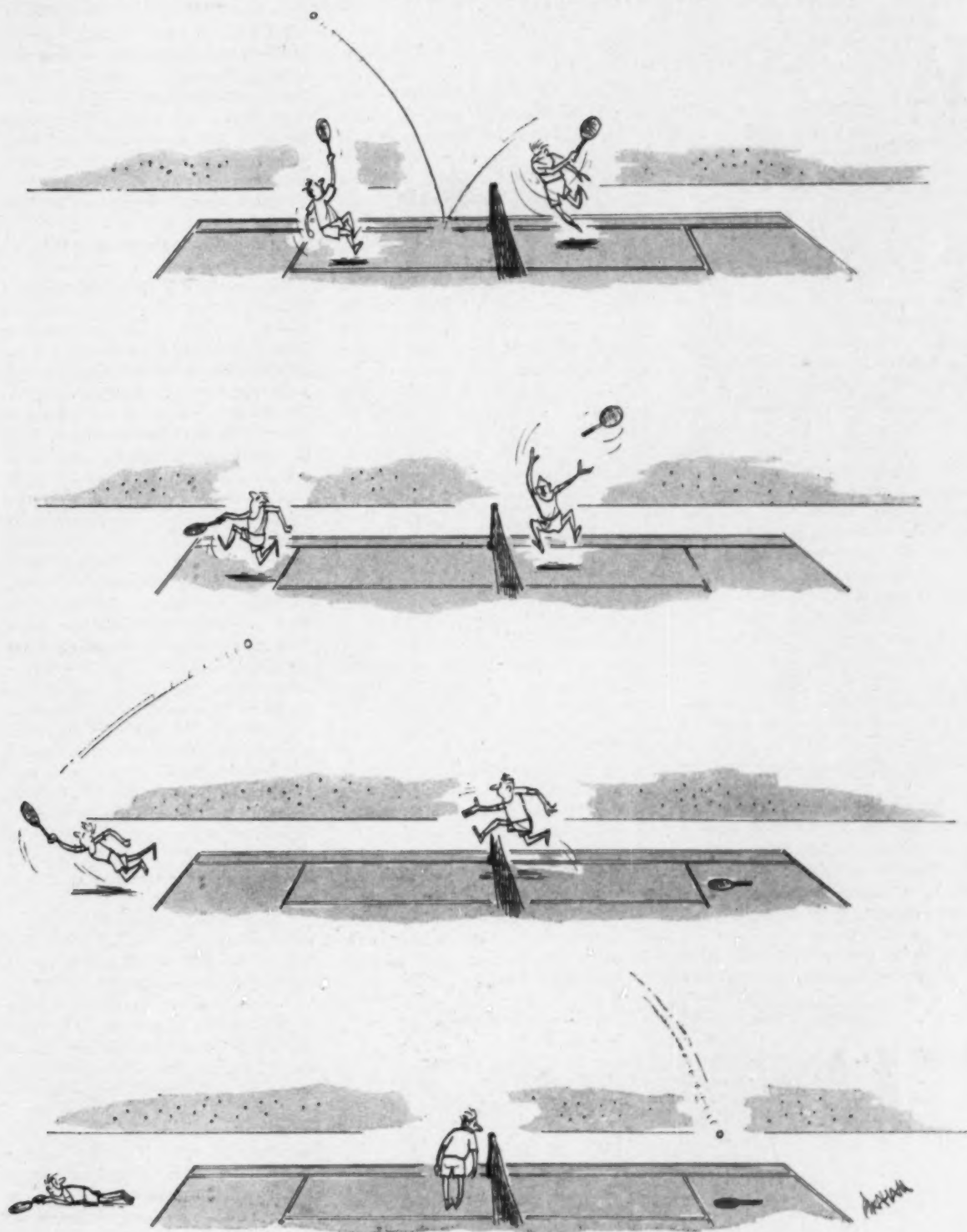
Her Mother smiled and answer'd "Yes;
Learn, thus, the Law of Business;

Demand will bring Supply.
So was it in that Ancient shop;
Who bought a Pail, desired a Mop.
Nor, started, could Expansion stop;
A Duster, by and by——"

Mamma broke off, and now address'd
The Shopman with her small
Request,

Some tin-tacks for the floor;
At which the man was Heard to say
She was the Fourth to ask to-day;
Why should he stock them Anyway?
The art-shop did, next door.

ANDE



Stage Hands Across the Sea

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

WHAT with having had a certain amount of spare time . . . not getting asked out to lunch much and all that sort of thing . . . I have been doing quite a bit of brooding lately on the stage-hand situation in the New York theatre—fortunately for the British reading public, for it has led to the writing of this article, which I am sure you will all enjoy.

This situation—I am still speaking of the stage-hand situation—is quite a situation. The trouble—briefly—is this. Stage hands cost money, and theatrical managers hate parting with money. The scene-shifter's union, on the other hand, is all for it. Blow the expense, says the scene-shifter's union. It likes to see money scattered in handfuls, always provided it is someone else's (or someone's else, as the case may be). This leads to strained relations, pique on both sides and the calling of some most unpleasant names. I have heard managers refer to the union as blood-suckers, while the union, speaking of the managers, is far too prone to make nasty cracks about who do people think they are? Gaspard the Miser?

Most plays nowadays are in one set, and a manager who puts on a one-set play feels that once this one set is in position he ought to be able to pay the scene-shifters off and kiss them goodbye. He sees no reason why he should have to pay a weekly wage to a gang of scene-shifters just for not shifting scenes. All he wants is an operative who will go over the set from time to time with a feather duster, to keep the moths from getting into it.

The Union does not take this view. It holds that if the manager hasn't any

scenes to shift he jolly well ought to have, and it insists on him employing the number of scene-shifters who would have been required to shift the scenes if there had been any scenes to shift, if you follow me. And as any attempt to brook the will of the Union leads to a strike of stage hands, which leads to a strike of electricians, which leads to a strike of actors, box-office officials, gentlemanly ushers and the theatre cat, it gets its way. Thus we find Ruth Draper, who does her stuff with no scenery at all, obliged during her late engagement at the Vanderbilt Theatre to employ seven stage hands. Victor Borge, who is giving a two-hour solo performance on the piano at the Booth, has eight. (Why this discrimination?) And at the Lyceum a one-set comedy with three characters in it is attended nightly by fifteen admirers and well-wishers. Some plays this season have suffered from audience thinness, but no manager has ever run short of stage hands.

At the risk of becoming too technical, I must explain briefly how a troupe of stage hands with nothing to do is organized. There is, I need scarcely say, nothing haphazard about it. First, chosen by show of hands (stage hands), comes the skipper or Giant Sloth. His job is to hang upside down from a rafter. Next we have the Senior Lounger and the Junior Lounger, who lie on couches—Roman fashion—with chaplets of roses round their foreheads. Last comes the rank and file, the twelve Lilies of the Field. It was because I was uncertain as to the duties of these that I looked in the other night at one of the theatres to get myself straight on the point, and was courteously received by the Junior Lounger, a Mr. B. J.

Wilberforce, who showed no annoyance at being interrupted while working on his crossword puzzle.

"I was wondering," I said, when greetings and compliments had been exchanged, "if you could tell me something about this situation."

"What situation would that be?" he asked.

"The scene-shifter situation," I said, and he frowned.

"We prefer not to be called scene-shifters," he explained. "There seems something a little vulgar about shifting scenes. It smacks too much of those elaborate musical productions, where, I am told, the boys often get quite hot and dusty. We of the élite like to think of ourselves as America's leisure class. Of course, when there is work to be done, we do it. Only the other night, for instance, the director thought that it would brighten things up if an up-stage chair were moved to a down-stage position. We were called into conference, and long before the curtain rose for the evening's performance the thing was done. Superintended by the Giant Sloth, we Loungers—myself and my immediate superior, Cyril Muspratt—each grasped one side of the seat and that chair was moved, and it would have been the same if it had been two chairs. I am not saying it did not take it out of us. It did. But we do not spare ourselves when the call comes."

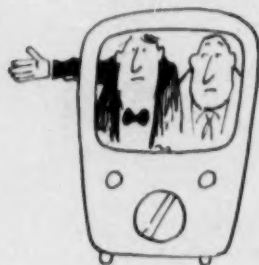
"Still, it does not come often, I suppose? As a general rule, you have your leisure?"

"Oh yes. We have lots of time to fool around in."

"Never end a sentence with a preposition, Wilberforce," I said warningly, and he blushed. I had spoken kindly, but you could see it stung.

At this moment somebody on the stage said in a loud voice "My God! My wife!"—they were playing one of those Victorian farce revivals designed to catch the nostalgia trade—and he winced.

"All this noise!" he said. "One realizes that actors have to make a living, but there is no need for a lot of racket and disturbance. It is not pleasant for a man doing his crossword puzzle and trying to concentrate on a word in three letters beginning with E



David Hughes

and signifying 'large Australian bird' to be distracted by sudden sharp cries. Still, it might be worse. At the Bijou, where they are doing one of those gangster things, the Giant Sloth was often woken three or four times in an evening by pistol shots. He had to complain about it, and now, I believe, the actors just say 'Bang, bang' in an undertone. Three letters beginning with E," he mused.

I knew it could not be the Sun God Ra. Then suddenly I got it.

"Emu!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"That large Australian bird you were speaking of."

"Of which you were speaking'. Never end a sentence with a preposition, Wodehouse."

It was my turn to blush, and my face was still suffused when we were joined by an impressive-looking man in a sleeveless undervest. This proved to be Cyril Muspratt, the Senior Lounger.

"And do you, too, do crossword puzzles, Mr. Muspratt?" I asked when the introductions had been concluded.

He shook his head laughingly.

"I am more the dreamer type," he said. "I like to sit and think . . . well, anyway, sit. I read a good deal too. What do you think of this bird Kafka?"

"What do you?"

"I asked you first," he said with a touch of coldness, and sensing that tempers were rising I bade them good night and went on my way. So I still don't know how those Lilies of the Field fill in their time. Hide-and-seek, perhaps? The dark back of the theatre would be splendid for hide-and-seek. Or leap frog? Perhaps they just catch up with their reading, like Mr. Muspratt.

They tell a tale in Shubert Alley of a manager who walked one day on Forty-Fifth Street west of Broadway and paused to watch workmen razing the Avon Theatre.

"Gosh!" he said, much moved. "They're using fewer men to tear down the building than we used to have to hire to strike a one-set show."

And there, gentle reader, let us leave him.

"Four years of interment by the Japanese in Hong Kong . . . have failed to embitter him or make him wish that his life had been different."—*An Australian Newsletter*
Complaisant, we call it.



"Why, George Beeson, I'd know you anywhere!"

Darling of the Spring

"CUCKOO," said Wordsworth, "shall I call thee bird
Or but a wandering voice?" And thus inspired
He brooded; while the cuckoo (if he heard)
Offered no answer, thinking none required,

But crossed the lake, and on the farther side,
Finding what he had tried to find all day,
A well-built thrush's nest unoccupied,
Summoned his wife and egg'd her on to lay.

The quick light melted the unmoving hills.
The sun, regardless, never ceased to climb.
Down by the lake the droves of daffodils
Danced, to be written up in two years' time.

Flat on the grass, the poet made his choice:
"No bird, but an invisible thing," he said.
Once more across the lake the wandering voice
Obliged; and the hen sniffed and, sniffing, laid.

P. M. HUBBARD

Why Churchwardens?

By C. B. MORTLOCK

CRAYSHAW had not been eighteen months in the parish when the rector asked him if he'd care to be a churchwarden. He would not have been more astonished if he had been asked if he would care to be Garter King of Arms. It was all done in such a casual, by-the-wayish air while the rector was stuffing some of his home-grown tobacco into a coked-up briar that had known better weeds.

"You'd be Rector's Warden," he went on, "to take over from old Grimswade. He's resigning, you know."

Crayshaw knew none of these things. Nor did he—or the rector either, for

that matter—know that almost the one thing a churchwarden cannot do is to resign.

Another thing the simpleton didn't know is that it is extremely difficult not to be a churchwarden if you are marked down for the job by a determined incumbent. It might be seriously annoying to wake up on a spring morning to find that you had been elected a churchwarden without a hint of by-your-leave. Once elected there is no way out, unless you can prove you are under ten, or a Jew or an alien or an ex-convict.

And there's another thing. Nobody can turn you out of your pew in the

parish church. A long red cushion for himself and his family to sit upon, and hassocks tall and fat to kneel on, were the distinguishing characteristics of Crayshaw's pew.

Across the alley-way was the pew for Silas Hemlock, the People's Warden, though Crayshaw was a little shaken that it bore no indication of inferior rank. It was like the Government and the Opposition—Rector's Warden and People's Warden.

He was not sure whether he was glad or sorry to discover that almost all the churchwardens' responsibilities had been made over by law to the Parochial Church Council, even to taking charge of collections. All the same, it was a shock to discover that churchwardens' accounts had ceased to exist—no more material for the local historian. The P.C.C. treasurer's accounts were as bleak as a balance-sheet—nothing about the price of ale, or supper for the bell-ringers or a new hat for the beadle. The beadle, in fact, had long ago been swallowed up in the verger who, like an ecclesiastical Tiresias, had become a vergeress and she in turn no more than an hieratic daily woman.

If Crayshaw had little to do as churchwarden but sit on his red cushion on Sundays and take round the bag he had just simply everything to answer for when it came to the Archdeacon's Visitation. He and Hemlock, and no one else, had to face the inquisition of "Articles of Inquiry exhibited by the Venerable Septimus Hayseed, Archdeacon of Longchester, to the Churchwardens of the several Parishes within the Archdeaconry." What was more, they had to pay fifteen shillings to an official in a wig and gown who really was just that—the Archdeacon's Official.

There were questions about church services, the churchyard, church accounts and organizations Crayshaw had never heard of; but what the Archdeacon was really keen about was the care of church goods, fire insurance, keeping gutters clear and painting down-pipes. When he showed up his answers to the Archdeacon, Crayshaw felt like a fourth-former who wonders, when it is too late, whether he has used the wrong crib. And then came the *viva*. It was no use pretending that the



"Three pounds, eighteen and six, sir."

rector had not dictated all the written answers.

It was then that they unearthed a queer bit of devilment. They weren't really Rector's and People's wardens after all. They were just plain churchwardens. Crayshaw would only have been Rector's Churchwarden, the Archdeacon told him, if at the annual meeting in the parish for election the voters and the rector had failed to agree. In that event the law said that the rector could put a churchwarden in over the heads of the meeting and the mob could have their own.

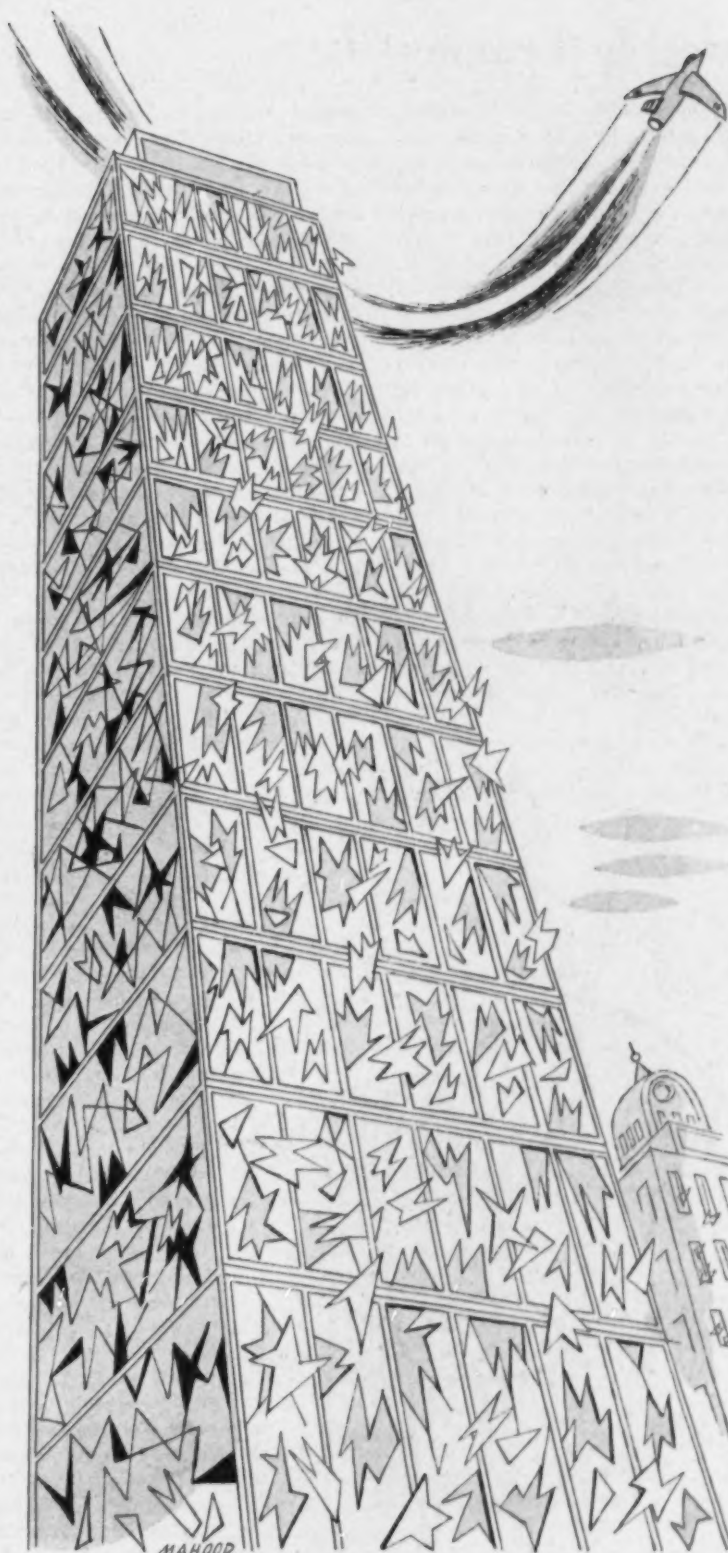
What with the paying and the quizzing and being admitted to office, Crayshaw was ready for a little corrective at the "Barley Mow," but instead he was in church and the Archdeacon in the pulpit, all warmed up to deliver his Charge, which was not the sermon to which Crayshaw in his black ignorance was resigned, but a pep-talk on the eternal vigilance which every good churchwarden must maintain against dirt, decay and death-watch beetle, with an affectionate farewell glance at his gutters and fire insurances.

As Crayshaw and Hemlock drove away from the market town in which the Visitation had been conducted they were very puzzled men. They just couldn't make out why they had to give up the best part of a day to it. The Official had shown them in print that "all the powers, duties and liabilities formerly attaching to churchwardens in relation to the financial affairs of the church" had been transferred to the P.C.C., as well as "the care, maintenance, preservation and insurance of the fabric of the church; and the care and maintenance of the churchyard."

"Why drop on us," they asked the rector—"and fifteen shillings for the pleasure?"

But what old Silas had not been told was that having once been admitted eleven years ago the law did not require him to be admitted again—that he remained in office until a successor had been appointed and admitted, and that he had overpaid the Archdeacon to the tune of seven pounds ten.

"BIRMINGHAM POST FOR LEEDS ORGANIST"
Headline in *Birmingham Post*
Rumoured merger with *Musical Times*?



Once a Teacher

By R. G. G. PRICE

THE world is full of ex-schoolmasters, hawking brushes, discussing Private Bills in Committee, writing reminiscences about being Brigadiers in Epirus, trying to sell the unsaleable on commission. The Bishop of Peterborough is one of us; so is Mr. Gilbert Harding. We have nothing in common except that at some point of our lives we passed through the hands of the Young. A man who has taken a double period with a Shell in a high wind cannot be expected to pass his later life like an ordinary man. He is separated from his fellows by an intensity of experience they have happily missed. Between those who have and those who have not judged the third and fourth places in the Hundred Yards there is a gulf. There are things one would not wish one's worst enemy—keeping order during a lecture by a missionary is one of them, marking Junior Geometry examinations is another.

We do not all bear the marks of our past visibly. Indeed, I am sometimes asked by new friends in a puzzled way, "How can you have been a school-

master? You don't strike me as being like one at all." If I had struck anybody as being like a schoolmaster I might have been one still. Neither my superiors nor my pupils could see the resemblance; but another teacher would know. The sudden start at the sound of a cap-pistol, the automatic reply to a request for information with different information, the boredom with space-travel would give me away at once.

When thoughtless inquirers force my thoughts back to my educational past I ask myself what I learned during those twelve arduous years, what did my pupils teach me? Primarily self-pity, I should say. This, like varicose veins, is an occupational disease of education and it is, as much modern literature shows, a fruitful one. Literary history is full of the wails of writers, and where can a young man on the threshold of his career hear louder and more ingenious wails than in a staff common-room? Many of the best poets, novelists and painters have had periods of teaching. Next I should put admiration for nature. The child grows into a boy and the boy into a man, and this reliable

sequence is the secret basis of pedagogy. Whatever you do, Nature will plod along turning the boy into an Old Boy. The rapid intellectual progress made by boys absent for a term through illness has depressed many an active class-teacher.

One valuable lesson was that, like bees, boys will not attack unless harassed. The beginner is apt to burst upon his pupils and try to down them before they can down him. This makes them defend themselves, and the best defence being attack they open fire. What makes it so annoying is that attack is the best defence for them but not for him. A much safer plan is for the

newcomer to aim at being unobtrusive. With considerable luck he may manage to win a modest shelter in their hearts. Boys are kind, on the whole, and if they see that a new master is genuinely trying not to be a nuisance and to learn, they will be helpful and give him invaluable tips on his profession. "Look out when the Head wears a blue tie," a colleague of mine was told by his form captain, and he felt that he had indeed made an ally and friend.

I made the mistake of trying to dominate the first forms I was tried out in. My eyes—I have heard them called mild brown eyes—flashed a tepid fire and my mouth—I have heard it called a suggestible mouth—turned down at both corners. I threw things. I hit heads. I wrote down impositions in little dog-eared notebooks. I said things like "Now we are going to have silence for a change," or "Hand up the boy who detonated that." The more earnest students walked out of the room and sat about with their books in the open air. The rowdier element sat quietly at their desks before I arrived, breathing systematically and conserving their lungs. When they had reduced me to speechless despair they sobered down and I learned what they had been so subtly teaching me: to keep out of trouble, to relax and to rely on their protecting me from harm. Then when the Headmaster visited me my pupils displayed an interest in my lesson that was quite embarrassing. I had arrived.

The very first assignment I was given in education was to take fifty boys down a spiral staircase in strict silence, and I cannot pretend that life did not become very much easier later on. I was surprised to find that I enjoyed teaching. It has many rewards, once one has crashed the sound barrier. Provided they are not expected to do anything themselves, boys are good listeners, and many a man who has exhausted his family audience finds that his reminiscences go over inexplicably well with Remove A, though noticeably less well with the Sixth.

Then there are the pleasures of improvisation. The basis of many games is the creation of artificial difficulties and their overcoming by ingenuity.





Teaching a subject about which one is vague has something of this exciting quality. As the boys do not have enough knowledge to check your story, all that is necessary is that your account of the facts should be consistent and that your reply to a question at the beginning of the lesson should not be contradicted by a reply at the end. I am assuming, of course, that you have chosen an aspect of the subject that is ignored by the textbook. If self-expression is the right thing for the young then it is the right thing for their teacher, who, after all, is supposed to stay young in heart, or else get out into educational administration.

I cannot think that I share all my own peculiar experiences of education with all ex-schoolmasters. I doubt that the Bishop of Peterborough ever had a large L attached to the back of his gown or that Mr. Gilbert Harding ever lost eighty-three boys. But some experiences are shared and bind us together—sitting stiffly on a platform in July while the Headmaster praises his staff to parents and friends of the School; ringing the changes on Fairly Good and Very Fair when reporting on boys you take once a week; conversing stiltedly on general topics with headmasters' wives; but these lie too deep for words. We see them in one another's eyes and make no comment.

Mrs. Smith does her Weekly Wash

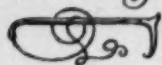
"Available evidence about the effects of the growing use of synthetic detergents does not justify any immediate alarm in users."
Daily Telegraph

THE Daye of respite done,
Shee with the Dawn uprose, nor staid to take
From strong conjugal Hand the steaming Herbe,
Els matutinal on her downy bed
Luxuriously imbib'd. Anon she toucht
The ebon Cole with phosphorescent Flame,
Which, leaping into life, with urgent Fyr
The frigid streame to aqueous Vapour turn'd.
Awyl immixt the woven fabrics lay,
From southern Flour evolv'd, or gentle Worm,
Frail Artisan of filamentous growth
And tissu'd Skein; for outward Robe design'd,
Or inward, unreveal'd to curious eye.
These all, by Hew and Texture separate,
And each from each disjoyn'd, she straight immers'd
In bubling Cauldron charg'd with Biz or Diz,
Klenzo or Washo, Fex or Roz or Luz,
Or what beside of saponaceous Fome,
To Cuticle and soft Integument
Innocuous, but potent to expunge
The dark and filthy Stain. Which toyl perform'd,
She chearfull to the wicker Ark consign'd
Their filmy Gauze, and hung in hie suspense
Funicular, to wait Hyperions kiss,
Whyl Æolus from out his sombre Cave
Releas'd the fellow Windes . . .

G. H. VALLINS

Small in the Saddle

A few pointers when buying a pony



- (1) *A child regards his first pony as a new play-thing*



- (2) *They must suit each other in temperament.*

- (3) *Experience is needed when buying from public auctions*



- (4) *It is not always easy to recognise a good pony "in the rough"*



←
(5) The mount should not be too wide
for the child's short legs



→
(6) Daily exercise is most important



←
(7) And careful grooming
essential to the pony's
happiness

Anyway, it's a wonderful
way for a child to learn
how to enjoy Man's
mastery over nature.

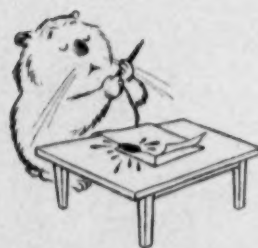
thelwell.



Imaginary Conversations

Samuel Richardson, Esq. A. G. Reader, Esq.

By STELLA GIBBONS



MR. READER: "Oh yes, the Novel. Well, everyone thinks as poorly of it as ever they did. In fact it is now the Novel, not the Theatre, that is said to be dying. Everybody says they never read novels. Everybody or almost everybody writes them. But what was it, exactly, that you wanted to know?"

Mr. Richardson: "I am inquisitive after the imaginary personages in the romances of your day. What of the Heroine? It was said by one Sir Edmund Gosse, speaking for Posterity, that my Clarissa was pious, pure, beautiful and unhappy, and I had modestly hoped that she should set a pattern for those using the crowquills long after me. Their solemn monuments, mouldering in the remote and sequestered—"

"Quite. Well—pious. Yes, I think the contemporary terms of reference could be stretched to include piety—of a sort. The heroine of one recent novel, for instance, after being ruined in a number of places including the drawing-room became a saint."

"The withdrawing-room? And was this all that the dear creature did to merit sanctification?"

"She also gave up her lover."

"But I make no doubt that that is not the part of the tale that will stay with the reader."

"You have something there, I think. And, please don't misunderstand me, but you yourself started something, you know, with your Pamela and Clarissa, whose virtue, as you quaintly called it, was always in danger. Readers haven't changed all that much in two hundred years."

"I am excessively fluttered by what

you say, sir; you put me out of countenance; I had laid out for a compliment for my Clarissa but see I am not like to get it. My heroines were virtuous and unfortunate. The heroine of the romances of your day, meseems, is a trollop, whose virtue is never in danger because, alas, it is never in doubt. And sanctification upon the last page of the last volume! Prithee, what effect does this sort of romance have upon those young ladies who are struggling with tears and prayers to preserve their own virtue? Doth it encourage them to persevere?"

"Well, perhaps we don't have so many of those. I think that the writer of this particular romance meant to make us realize that the mercy of God is infinite."

"A noble aim. So we are told, and so we hope. But is not sanctification attained by works harder and more sustained than unchastity and the abandonment of that lively wretch a lover? And was the unfortunate lady fair?"

"Ideas about women's beauty have changed a great deal, you know. So far as I remember this heroine had a bold chin."

"I am not surprised to hear it. And was she unhappy?"

"Now there we *can* meet you. All the heroines in the novels respected by our critics are unhappy."

"The heroine should always be unhappy."

"Jane Austen created some charming girls who weren't."

Mr. Richardson (rather carried away): "Her sufferings arouse those of the reader; he feels for her with his tears



and his prayers; his sighs ascend to heaven with hers, he trembles when she trembles—"

"Yes, I know that used to be the general idea, but it isn't so easy to tremble with the modern heroine. Dressed in the mac and beret that express her inner misery, often soaked in gin—"

"The spirit drunk by low wretches at twopence the noggin! Killing words!"

"—and usually wreathed in smoke, she is tough. Sometimes she is also scarred."

"Scarred?"

"It adds a relish, like kippers for tea. She is tough, you see, because she has been hurt."

"I understand you now. She has become a hardened wretch because of her sufferings."

"Something like that. In a way she typifies us all. We are all guilty."

"Yes, yes. But God will pardon us."

"We aren't so sure of that as your lot were, you know. And the Guilty Hero—"

"Yes, tell me of him. In writing of Mr. Lovelace I found difficulty in preventing him from sinking in utter vileness, but had I let him do so, the readers would have wished to hear of him no more."

"And that goes for some of us with the Guilty Hero of to-day. Lord (as you would say), how tired we get of his short drinks and his short sentences, his petty dislikes that he's so ashamed of and the whacking great sins that he isn't, his noble refusal to be thought noble and above all the technical details about his work. Do tell, Mr. Richardson, would you have filled four pages with an account of the moulding of tallow candles or the casting of cannon-shot?"

"I had been ill-advised to do so, for



these subjects are to the general reader nothing but a dead bore."

"Not nowadays, I assure you. They love them."

"They would sooner read of the fashioning of wash-balls or the preparing of rappee than the passions of the human heart and the aspirations of the human soul?"

"It looks like it."

"'Tis enough to throw a writer of romances into the vapours, and yet no, 'tis not, neither, for I had been confoundedly chagrined to hear of better romances than my Clarissa . . . the Hero a vile wretch, the Heroine a trollop . . . what, then, are they all, all vile? The Heroine's Friend, the Hero's Friend (I say nothing of the minor personages, the pot-boys and serving wenches and surgeons) have none of 'em fine feelings and noble passions?"

"'Noble' is a term of abuse nowadays and 'high-minded' one of disapproval (I beg your pardon, but your cadences are catching). Novelists who write about nice people are accused of escapism."

"I can understand that persons busied over the set of their wig or the conduct of their gloves could not enact a tale that should hold the reader nor yet give much entertainment and pleasure—"

"Mr. Richardson!! We do not read novels to-day for PLEASURE!"

"Good God, then, sir, what do you read 'em for?"

"To widen our knowledge of the human predicament, to experience at second-hand the passions of sadism and lust, and to learn exactly how to dissect a dog."

"Clarissa! Clarissa!"

(Mr. Richardson fadeth out.)

Andrew Lloyd





Who Cares About That?

By H. F. ELLIS

TO preserve your looks you ought to lie on the bedroom floor with a cushion under your hips, hoist your feet on to the bed and *let yourself go*.

So I am told, by a lady whose photograph above this beauty-hint in my newspaper proves that her methods, however bizarre, do work. But the question to which I should dearly love an answer is this. How many women, on the morning after this advice appeared, actually laid themselves down on their bedroom floors, hoisted their feet up and let themselves go? I should also like to know how many of them were still doing it regularly a week later—for the hard fact of the matter is that once is not enough; you have to keep on with it to be really lovely.

I believe both these questions to be unanswerable. And that, if true, is a very odd thing. For if there are two

really solid achievements on which the twentieth century has a right to pride itself they are the distribution of gratuitous advice and the ability to find out what people are doing and thinking in the privacy of their homes; and one would have thought that by this time the two would have been married up, each lending aid and vigour to the other. What is the point, after all, of giving advice unless one can be assured that somebody is taking it?

Well, of course, there is always *some* point in giving advice. It is a pleasurable exercise, whether anyone is listening or not, and doubly so, I dare say, when the advice is given in the columns of a newspaper and paid for accordingly. But I am trying to look at the thing from the point of view of the newspaper proprietor, who would surely like to know that all the hints and household wrinkles he pays for are being immediately

adopted in a million homes. In a single issue recently, I was told, in my capacity as reader, how to get coffee stains out of carpets, what to do with badly weathered garage doors, the best way to keep my children out of the police courts and why my pipes ought to be descaled; I was also instructed to draw a shallow drill with the back of a rake when sowing carrots, and to take *at least two* uncrushable silk frocks with me when touring on the Continent.

I did none of these things—and if it be urged that most of this advice was intended for women readers, then I shall add that no member of my household did any of them either. Who did? Who runs his garden exactly as directed by "Greenfingers," tidying out the toolshed on Saturday morning (if wet), and not delaying any longer to have the mower resharpened "unless"—for these gardening experts are always prepared

to be reasonable—"this has already been done." Who cuts off the fingers of old gloves and, by lining the tips with asbestos, turns them into attractive candle-snuffers? How many people pat dried oatmeal into their scalps at a mere whisper from Lady X that it gives added poise?

Millions, probably. I am perfectly prepared to believe that the grass in a hundred thousand suburban gardens would be allowed to grow to intolerable heights were it not for a few spirits bold and independent enough to write to their paper and complain that it is now a fortnight since "Old Fergus" last told them to cut it. I am prepared to believe almost anything. But I should like to *know*.

It would be simple enough to find out. The art of the poll, the cross-section, the house-to-house canvass, has developed to a point where any question can be answered, provided the newspapers take the trouble to ask it:

"Asked whether they lie on the floor with a cushion under their hips and their feet on the bed and let themselves go, a representative cross-section of British womanhood replied:

YES	56 per cent
NO	42 per cent
DON'T KNOW .. .	2 per cent."

It would be as easy as that. But the question, I am willing to bet, will never be asked; and the reason for that must be that the newspaper proprietor, and his agent the editor, just don't care. Even if the answer were

No 100 per cent they would go ahead blithely with their hints and wrinkles, neither more nor less pleased than if it were one hundred per cent affirmative. To understand this apparent apathy towards the reception of the help these good men so freely give, it will be necessary to consider for a moment the nature of advice.

"Advice is seldom welcome," said Chesterfield, and he ought to have known, for he gave as much of it as any man who ever lived. But I think he ought to have qualified the remark. It is not the advice so much as the fear that one may be badgered into taking it that gives rise to hatred and, in extreme cases, actual flight. Nobody minds the casual stranger at a party who recommends Charterhouse or tells you where to get your hair cut. "Yes, yes,"

you say. "Thanks. I'll do that," and there the matter ends. It is as unlikely that he will ever have an opportunity to follow up the question of your son's education as it is that you will be able to check whether he actually took the charcoal tablets you suggested for his cold. It is advice from the friend, the constantly-met acquaintance, the office colleague, that makes the blood run cold. The dreaded question "Did you have any luck with . . .?", the eager "How did you find those . . .?", the remorseless "I wrote to the headmaster, by the way . . ."—it is fear of this sort of bitter aftermath that has given personal advice so bad a name.

Newspaper proprietors, those shrewd men, know this. They are aware that people will listen to, will read, advice by the hour provided it is clearly understood that nothing whatever need be done about it. If anybody actually *wants* to make a useful saucepan rack out of an old packing case, by all means let him follow the instructions. Otherwise,

let him just read on, comfortably reflecting that nobody is going to come round to-morrow to find out whether he has yet made a start on the thing. Such, if I read their minds aright, is the attitude of newspaper proprietors in this matter. They will run your life for you, if you want it that way, but they won't *badger*. How excellent an example!

A comfortable position, by the way, in which to read about what you ought to be doing in the garden this week-end is on the floor, with a cushion under your hips and your feet on the bed. You *may* get more beautiful, into the bargain. But I promise not to come round and find out.

"Mother, this is—" Bang!

"The wedding will probably be during the summer. It is unlikely that Mr. C. — will take his bride to live in Kenya. His mother carries fire-arms on her husband's African estates."—*The Sunday Post*



MODERN TYPES

The Hon. Mrs. Peddy-Green

By GEOFFREY CORER

AS the younger daughter of a very obscure peer, the Honourable Mrs. Peddy-Green had not, before her marriage, paid much serious attention to her hereditary rank. She acquired most of the traits of girls of her class—a voice carefully modulated to reach across crowded rooms or empty paddocks; a habit of conversing in ringing tones with her friends and resolutely ignoring the presence of listeners, treating all the people with whom she was not acquainted as though they were servants waiting at table; an inadequate sense of dress which was more conspicuous when she attempted elegance than in the quasi-uniform of tweeds; and a modest competence at most outdoor games and sports. She knew that being a Lady allowed her to have manners which would not be tolerated in a sales girl, procured her invitations which would probably not have been forthcoming had she depended only on her looks or her ability to entertain, and gave her somewhat greater choice in the selection of a husband.

Without any marked liking for men, she had sufficient dislike for her home and her family to make early marriage a conscious goal; but, by a strange dispensation of fate, peers seem to have far more unmarried daughters than marriageable sons; and, after a couple of fruitless "seasons," she allowed herself to become attached to a commoner (though of course of very "good" family) who said that he wanted to marry her. Peddy-Green was a Regular Service officer, so she did not have to descend to a plain Mister; and though his present income was moderate, being little more than his pay, he had good, if not very precise, "expectations."

After the honeymoon (which she did not enjoy very much, thank you) the Peddy-Greens settled down to rather migratory domesticity, and in due course their union was blessed with issue, first Moira and then Maurice. Mrs. Peddy-Green found that her honorific prefix had a number of uses which made it a desirable adjunct to a relatively modest income; it impressed the wives of her husband's colleagues, so that they were grateful for hospitality very much less lavish than they provided when it was their turn to be hostesses; it enabled her



to acquire servants at minimum wages; and it proved a useful weapon in domestic disagreements, when she could urge that her better birth gave her intuitive knowledge of what was the correct thing to do on any occasion on which Peddy-Green wished to go his own way. She never condescended to state that she had married "beneath" her; but the possibility that she might employ this argument was never completely ignored. When the outbreak of war enlarged her contacts (and also removed Peddy-Green from the domestic hearth) she found that with moderate civility she was universally commended as "democratic."

Even in peace time she had never been a "great" reader; and with the difficulties of raising a young family and managing a household in war time she seldom did more than glance at the newspapers, a habit she continued after the technical cessation of hostilities. It was a strange quirk of fate which placed a copy of Miss Nancy Mitford's *Pursuit of Love* in her hands shortly after its publication; and she probably would not have read it but for an attack of influenza.

With pleased amazement she thought to recognize herself in Miss Mitford's

creations, and started to reconstruct her childhood and early life accordingly. She remembered quite distinctly that there had been an airing cupboard in her old home, and surely she had spent at least an hour in it with a noble cousin during a game of hide-and-seek; she had an Hons' Cupboard in her background. Little by little, during her convalescence, she remade an early life far nearer to her heart's desire, so suddenly revealed.

The present was more complicated. Moira was a schoolgirl now, and had never even been given a pet name; everybody, including Mrs. Peddy-Green and Moira herself, had thought it "such a pretty name," and now Miss Mitford declared it was not a possible name for an Hon's child; what was to be done? And would she ever learn not to call writing paper "note paper"? And what on earth should she say instead of "mantelpiece"?

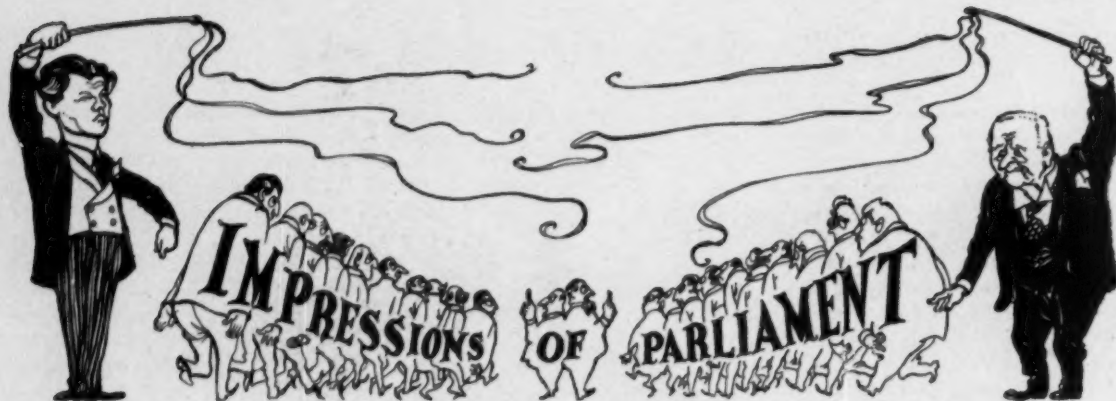
There was the problem too of Peddy-Green, returned unscathed from the wars. In the world which she had adopted, Hons were either deeply attached to their husbands, or remarkably unfaithful to them. Infidelity had never been a temptation to Mrs. Peddy-Green, and she had not (at the time) felt any deprivation from her husband's year-long absences; every woman, she felt, should have a man in her life, but one was enough.

The pleasures of a prolonged convalescence finally provided a solution. She would treat her marriage like her childhood, as a malleable portion of the past, by not letting it impinge upon the present. Invalids necessarily live on their memories; provided she did not recover her health too completely, all her problems would be solved.

When the Honourable Mrs. Peddy-Green is well enough to entertain her friends she enchants them with reminiscences of a gay, care-free and daring girlhood, and occasionally allows them glimpses of the great romance of her marriage before she became an invalid. Mary and Matthew, her children, think she's a much more entertaining mother than those of most of their friends; and Peddy-Green is subtly flattered to think he inspired so deep a devotion in the past. The one drawback is that the house is pretty uncomfortable.



STRATFORD CELEBRATES SHAKESPEARE'S 390th BIRTHDAY



Commons Reform

THE twelve-day rest which the Commons take at Easter-time provides an occasion to consider a matter that is becoming increasingly important. On several occasions lately, but most notably in the debates on the Television Bill, it has been necessary for Members who have expressed a particular point of view to vote in the contrary sense. This is not a contingency that ought to be allowed to happen to a responsible legislator, and it emphasizes the need, long felt in some quarters, for a measure of change in the constitution of that House.

The lack of an effective third party, and the disappearance of the Independent Member, have placed very great power in the hands of the Whips. When party policy and constituency requirements conflict, the Member is caught between two fires: if he votes against his party he will lose his party's support at the next election, and if he votes against the electors he will lose the electors' support. The compromise usually adopted to-day is to speak in the House in the electors' interests, but to vote in the party's. As a result, debate in the House of Commons has become meaningless; since a speech cannot influence a single vote, speeches (though still nominally addressed to the Speaker) are invariably aimed not at the House but at the constituencies.

Obviously this state of affairs is not in the best interests of British politics. The choice is therefore between relieving the back-bench Member of the pressure either of the voters or of the Whips. A moment's reflection makes it clear that the Whips' claims must come first, since without adequate voting power in the House, Government cannot be carried on. It would, of course, be theoretically possible to extend the powers of the Whips beyond the House to the voters, so freeing candidates from giving election promises they may find it impossible to uphold. The same effect can, however, be obtained more simply by guaranteeing Members' seats in perpetuity, by having, that is, a House of nominated Members whose sole responsibility is to Parliament.

The question then arises, how are these Members to be nominated? By and large there is a fair case for preserving the present House of Commons

substantially unchanged; but provision must be made to fill seats vacated by Members who die, go bankrupt, or apply for the Chiltern Hundreds.

In this connection a very important factor is the existence of "political families." That such families exist, and have existed since Elizabethan times or earlier, can hardly be disputed. The present Prime Minister is an example of an hereditary politician. The recent influx into the House of Mr. Anthony Eden's kinsmen cannot be a mere coincidence. Equally convincing are the cases of Mr. Julian Amery and Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn. The application of the principle can be studied daily in the House in the cases of the Crowders *père et fils*, the Orr-Ewings, the Grimstons, and the rest. Most convincing of all, perhaps, the sparkling qualities of the Hon. J. J. Astor have fully justified his succession to his mother as the Member for the Sutton Division of Plymouth. In short, there is a convincing case to be made out for the replacement of retiring Members by a near relative, for preference the eldest son.

Where vacancies cannot be filled by this method the seats should be allotted by the Government to individuals who have distinguished themselves by services to public life, scholarship, industry, and so on. In addition, it might be advantageous to earmark some seats for high dignitaries of the Church, the Law, and perhaps the Television.

It will be argued that Members sitting under these provisions will lose contact with their electors. This point can be met in several ways. To keep Members "in the public eye" they should be



invested with special dignities of the kind likely to impress the common man—a particular form of address, for example, or special robes and perhaps headdress for wear on certain ceremonial occasions. To strengthen the connection between Members and their own constituencies they may be accorded some kind of official sobriquet in which the name of the constituency is included. This would be of advantage in the House, where the practice already obtains of referring to Members by constituency instead of by name, but with the disadvantage that the same constituency is not always represented by the same Member, nor does any one Member always represent the same constituency. Members would no longer have to remember that the individual addressed by the Speaker as (for instance) "Mr. Nabarro" must be called by them "the honourable Member for Kidderminster." Both Speaker and Members would speak of "Member Kidderminster," or perhaps, since the term already exists and is convenient and apt, of "Lord Kidderminster."

It is possible that, in the light of experience, it would become desirable to limit the powers of a House that is so constituted as not to be responsible to the

electorate, by depriving it, for example, of the power to initiate or amend bills dealing with public expenditure or revenue, which might more properly fall within the province of the T.U.C.; and it might prove expedient to do away

with the undemocratic institution of a Speaker possessing special privileges and seated in an elevated chair, instead of on a bench stuffed with wool. Such considerations are, however, beyond the scope of the present article.

B. A. YOUNG



How Chic was My Valley

*Cet animal est tres méchant,
De ce qu'il gagne il est content.*

THE Twelfth, or "Absentee," Commission Correctly took the proposition
"Why don't I work five shifts or more?
Because I earn enough in four"
As the root reason for our lack
Of coal (excluding nutty slack).
Their Finding (there *was* only one)
Was this: There's nothing to be done
If men earn all they feel they need.
Teach them to *want* more, boost their *greed*,
Train them. We may—but only thus—
Convert the miners to a plus.
(End of Report).

The Government
Acted at once. Cigars were sent,
Seductive samples, to all pits;
Blondies gave lectures on the Ritz;
Slogans: "Another Cognac? Let's!"
"The Joneses own *two* TV sets!"
"For gracious overwear . . . say *Mink!*"
Plastered the workings. Costly drink,

Free with school meals, was . . .

But you know

The rest. Within a year or so
Spending gained 54 per cent . . .
Not yet the target, but it meant
More shifts per week; more coal *was* mined.
Later, as tastes grew more refined,
Outlay—and output—soared. Champagne
Worked wonders at the Hucknall Main;
Fifeshire and Durham did the trick
Once they found caviar was chic;
But no one beat the Rhondda Valley—
"Look you, what one can spend on ballet!"

* * * * *

So Britain got her coal. And so—
Much more important—we now know
That it's the duty of the State
To make the workers profligate.
Where Thrift begins Production ends
And labour is as Labour spends.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



Criticism



BOOKING OFFICE

Magarshack on Turgenev

Turgenev. David Magarshack. Faber, 25/-

IF people read the great Russian novelists instead of ploughing their way through Lenin's speeches or the statistics of successive Five Year Plans, they would learn a great deal more about why Russians behave as they do. This is almost equally true of Russian literary history. The authors of all countries quarrel and bicker, but is it possible to point to any nation in which their squabbles take quite the violent form that they did in Russia, when literature still existed there? Mr. David Magarshack's *Life of Turgenev* gives an excellent account of the novelist's career and its extraordinary background.

Ivan Turgenev (1818-1883) came from one of the oldest families in Russia, tracing its origins from a Tartar prince of the fifteenth century, a long descent for a country where aristocracy was rarely of ancient origin by the standards of Western Europe. His father, an impecunious cavalry officer, had made a *mariage de convenance* with an immensely rich woman whose forbears had acquired their money a generation or two earlier by the most dubious means.

Turgenev's mother must have been one of the most detestable women who have ever existed. Hideous in person and herself horribly ill-treated in youth by her own odious relations, she suffered a new martyrdom by the habitual unfaithfulness of her husband. All her interests became concentrated upon persecuting others, her serfs and children providing, naturally, the chief objects of her cruelty. She used to hold a kind of court in which her picture was hung behind her chair and regal ceremony was enforced. It is doubtful whether she can be regarded as sane, yet insistence on too severe a standard of sanity might eliminate a large number of Turgenev's relatives and associates.

Not surprisingly, Turgenev, when he grew up, suffered from nervous disorders. A man of great intellectual gifts, he was gentle, good-natured, rather vain, but also possessed a violent

temper, and suffered from terrible bouts of melancholia. Like all Russian writers, he deals in his novels ultimately with political material. He was a liberal, and would have liked to see a constitutional monarchy established in Russia. He was therefore constantly under fire from both the revolutionary Left Wing ("Nihilist" was a term invented by himself) and the Nationalist Pan-Slavs.



There is some naïvety in the psychology presented in his novels, but also a directness and humour that is very attractive. A book like *Virgin Soil* now has its *longueurs* for the reader, and faults of construction are apparent; yet it puts the nineteenth-century Russian political situation with great clearness. How extraordinary it now seems that western liberals never foresaw that the revolutionary elements and Pan-Slav elements would finally join forces to form the aggression of the Soviet! All was clearly written, for those with eyes to see, a century ago.

There is a good account here of Turgenev's quarrel with Tolstoy, whose work the elder writer always admired, though he found the man himself unsympathetic. Turgenev had engaged

an English governess for Paulinette, his illegitimate daughter, then aged eighteen. In an unguarded moment he admitted to Tolstoy that this lady's educational régime for her pupil included darning the clothes of the poor.

Tolstoy attacked the benefaction as "insincere and theatrical." An appalling row followed in which at one moment it appeared that the two novelists would fight a duel *with rifles* in the woods near Bogoslovo. As it was, many letters passed between them, and there was much unpleasantness, though no blood was spilt. Tolstoy does not come well out of the incident, though it must be admitted that he could speak with authority on the subject of "theatrical" behaviour.

Turgenev was also on bad terms with Dostoevsky, who used to borrow money from him. Very characteristically, Dostoevsky wrote an enthusiastic letter to Turgenev telling him, with much other praise, that his story, *Phantoms*, was "an excellent example," at the same time writing to his own brother to the effect that Turgenev's story was "nasty, morbid, senile, *unbelieving* from sheer impotence. In a word the whole of Turgenev with his convictions."

Turgenev never married but was emotionally involved, more or less, throughout the whole of his life with the singer, Pauline Viardot. He was one of Flaubert's few close friends. He often visited England, and his friendship with Henry James seems to link him with a literary world later in time than his own. Mr. Magarshack's biography—the first of Turgenev to be published in this country—is of great interest and well documented. ANTHONY POWELL

After Dædalus

The Golden Honeycomb. Vincent Cronin. Hart-Davis, 16/-

Mr. Cronin arranges his study of Sicily round a quest for the golden honeycomb that Dædalus is said to have brought to the island from Crete. Half-seriously he suggests that this artifact may still exist. At least, it may symbolize various continuous characteristics in Sicilian art and history.

With tremendous aplomb, Mr. Cronin gravely describes the principal towns, buildings, customs and events that struck him as significant in his study of Sicily, and his ceremonious prose conducts the reader on a tour of headmasterly grimness. Mr. Cronin gives no references and one has to take his display of varied erudition on trust. There is no reason why a travel-book about the South should be full of gaiety and laughter, of gossip and light relief; but the trouble with this very intelligent and in many ways admirable work is that the effort to maintain "seriousness" is too apparent and sometimes strains the writing. In twenty years' time Mr. Cronin may find it embarrassing to re-read; but then in twenty years he should be a very good writer indeed.

R. G. G. P.

The First Decadent. James Laver. Faber, 25/-

This, strangely enough, is the first full-length biography in English of Joris-Karl Huysmans, and Mr. Laver has done the job extremely well. He has made use of all the available material, and the book is scholarly and well documented; yet Huysmans himself emerges, rather surprisingly, as a dull little man—a *petit fonctionnaire* with an abnormal capacity for fantasy and self-dramatization. His first mature novel, *A Rebours* (the book that "poisoned" Dorian Gray), is no more than an elaborate day-dream: des Esseintes was aristocratic and rich, Huysmans plebeian and poor, and almost certainly never knew Montesquiou, on whom he is supposed to have based his hero.

The subsequent novels—*Là-bas*, *En Route*, etc.—are autobiographical, in so far as they describe Huysmans' flirtations with (a) Satanism and (b) the Church; but Huysmans' diabolism has a suspiciously literary flavour—and so, for that matter, has his Catholicism. Did he ever, for instance, really go to a Black Mass, like his hero Durtal? The question remains in doubt. What is certain is that Huysmans, with his "aesthetic" approach to Catholicism and the problem of Evil, established a cult whose influence, though seldom acknowledged, can still be detected in the literature of our own day.

J. B.

Bitter Honeymoon and Other Stories.

Albert Moravia. Secker and Warburg, 10/6

Signor Albert Moravia's first book of short stories to appear in this country covers examples of his work from 1927 to 1952. He is an author with a distinctive style which he possessed from his early days, but it is interesting to see in this volume how much he has developed and improved his methods with the passage of time.

All these stories might be described as studies in unhappiness. Signor Moravia is never tired of showing the uneasy adolescent, sometimes in hospital, painfully trying to assert himself and

grow up. He is also fond of illustrating vexatious sexual relationships between lover and mistress or the honeymoon couple who give the title to the book. Those who enjoy his novels will perhaps rather resent him spending time on short stories which merely pose certain characters and situations without working them out to the conclusions possible in a novel. The stories are good, but a new novel is what we really require. A. P.

Executive Suite. Cameron Hawley. Hammond, 12/6

The President of an American furniture company dies unexpectedly and the members of the Board jockey for the succession. Some of them are disciples of the dead man, primarily manufacturers who are at home with machinery and designs and factory organization; the others are men who think in terms of statistics and accounts. This conflict between two attitudes in industry does not very often get described, despite its contemporary importance. The history of the firm and of the rival directors is told in flashbacks that are never allowed to hold up the onward movement of the intrigue.

The whole novel is firmly fitted together and as well made as the furniture it describes. I found it nearly as gripping as *The Masters*. The novel is so sensible and competent that there is a danger of overpraising it and leading the reader to expect too much. It is not in any way brilliant or a masterpiece; but I found it more enjoyable than many more pretentious novels.

R. G. G. P.



AT THE PLAY

Marching Song (ST. MARTIN'S)

IT is Mr. JOHN WHITING's fault if we are driven to grill him for symbolism with the ferret thoroughness of men using a geiger-counter. Two years ago his allegory, *Saint's Day*, drove a sharp wedge between the critics and their fellow professionals of the theatre; the former found it impossible to understand, while the latter declared it wonderful.

And now, in *Marching Song*, Mr. WHITING still seems to be unnecessarily difficult. In an interview he is reported to have said that he had turned to realism. This would be easier to understand if he had not given very odd names to some of his characters, and left two of them such shadowy figures that they cannot help being suspect of representing something—I have no suggestions—outside the action of the play. The disillusioned little slattern who becomes a State problem is called Dido, though she is the last girl to singe herself on a funeral pile. The ancient Prime Minister is Cadmus, though without benefit of dragons' teeth. Catherine de Troyes, the hero's mistress? Beautiful and alluring, but no part that I can see of a Trojan pattern. And the two nebulous hangers-on in her hospitable house, the priest Anselm and the doctor Sangosse, why are they in the play at all?

Hating crossword puzzles, especially in the theatre, I would far rather take Mr. WHITING at his word, even at the cost of having to believe him guilty of



John Cadmus—MR. ERNEST THESIGER

Rupert Forster—MR. ROBERT FLEMING

Dido Morgen—MISS PENELOPE MUNDAY

the grave error of arousing curiosity simply for the fun of it. He is one of the few really interesting young dramatists who have appeared in England since the war, and though he will write a much better play when he is prepared to be exact about his meaning, *Marching Song* is still a considerable piece of work, that has many fine passages and gives dramatic excitement, in FRITH BANBURY's production, to arguments worth hearing.

It is extremely pessimistic, with the war-weary pessimism of middle Europe, where it takes place. A general, released from prison to stand his trial for losing a critical battle, returns to the house of his mistress (hideously uninhabitable, in the style of a smart German night-club), and there is given thirty-six hours in which to choose between disgrace and suicide, the Prime Minister regarding the trial as politically calamitous. Forster is no longer in love with Catherine. He is one of those military supermen who crop up regularly in history to wreck the lives of millions of ordinary people out of insane ambition; but in prison he has gone on learning—so far as his type can—the lesson that began when a massacre of children by his tanks left him unable to continue fighting.

His mood fits with that of a young girl staying in the house, a girl without hope living defiantly in the present. She brings him to life again, but gradually Forster realizes that nothing is left. Even the goatherds' songs which had comforted him in prison turn out to have been obscenities. And so the cunning Prime Minister wins. At this point the play should have ended, for the further scene in which Catherine gathers her friends in a broken attempt to go on living is merely a sentimental epilogue.

Marching Song could be cut, but little of it could be called dull. The relationship between Forster and Dido is very well drawn, and though both ROBERT FLEMING and PENELOPE MUNDAY speak monotonously they bring a touching directness to their scenes together. Mr. FLEMING is not ideally cast. He suggests a highly efficient colonel rather than a general of genius, and this is a central weakness in the production; nevertheless he is capable of striking effect. The performance that will be remembered, however, is ERNEST THESIGER's Prime Minister—aged, bored, exquisite, and quite ruthless. This is grand acting. DIANA WYNARD gives Catherine—a familiar part—more than conventional charm and sympathy, HARTLEY POWER is good as a golden-hearted soak, and so is MICHAEL DAVID as a young officer of the awkward breed of Forster.

Recommended

For a serious play, Charles Morgan's *The Burning Glass* (Apollo). For a lighter one, Rattigan's *The Sleeping Prince* (Phoenix). And for a criminal evening, Agatha Christie's *Witness for the Prosecution* (Winter Garden).

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

King of the Khyber Rifles
Les Compagnes de la Nuit

LEST we should be too much impressed by the wonderful things CinemaScope can do, *King of the Khyber Rifles* (Director: HENRY KING) comes along opportunely as a reminder that nothing else—nothing else—is as important as the story and the way it is handled.

Some of the panoramic views of the Indian scene in this piece—though I wouldn't know how much of it really is the Indian scene—are no less striking and remarkable in their way than the panoramas of the West in the last CinemaScope work, *The Command*; but the narrative seems infinitely more stilted and artificial. And it isn't helped for an English audience by the distracting touches of American style.

Of course it is always in a way unfair to allow such trifles to affect one's judgment of a film; but the fact remains that one can't help noticing the occasions when TERRY MOORE, a nice American girl, laboriously broadens an *a* because she is supposed to be an English general's daughter. Her ordinary speech—and indeed her ordinary behaviour—are somehow essentially American, but this might be unnoticeable if she let them alone. It is the occasional touch of conscious English ("It's meastly the dress") that suddenly jerks one's attention back to the fact that she is in the picture at all only because there had to be some kind of "romantic interest."

The novel (by TALBOT MUNDY) was I believe well known to a previous generation. King (constantly addressed as "Captain King," another thing that seems characteristically American), of the Peshawar Garrison in the year 1857, is looked at askance—or "discriminated against"—by his brother officers because he knows the language too well: his mother was a Moslem. Moreover he was

brought up as a foster-brother of Kurram Khan, now leader of the revolt planned to drive the British out of India. No solution, obviously, but that he, in person, should kill the villainous Khan and put everything right.

It's a quite typical Victorian-style adventure-story, in which the vestiges of Victorian dialogue ("How I have longed to hear my name on your lips!") blend uneasily with the cheerful modern American ("Let me fix you a drink," says the young girl to her father's guest). TYRONE POWER is properly heroic, the fights are exciting; but still the picture is most notable as a purely visual experience. Apart from all the big wide-angle shots of mountain and plain, there is much uncommonly good use of the wide screen for subtler effects—for instance, the scene on a darkened veranda.

I came away after *Companions of the Night*, or *Les Compagnes de la Nuit* (Director: RALPH HABIB), with a feeling of regret. First, that merely because of its subject (it is an "X" film) it will be avoided by many a moviegoer who would find it absorbing and appreciate its admirable acting and technique; second, that for the same reason it will attract multitudes totally incapable of enjoying these things, multitudes who would pay with equal eagerness to see any treatment of the subject, even the stupidest.

There is no way round this situation, and it is very unfortunate. Here is a story about prostitutes, which carries a foreword that one regards with suspicion: this stuff about "exposing one of the worst evils" suggests the disingenuous showman with his familiar pretence to be doing a public service with sensationalism. And the story is, candidly, unpleasant: about organized prostitution and murder. But it is extremely well done and intensely gripping, there is no feeling that the violence and squalor are being exploited for their own sake, the characters (and there are some pleasant ones) are not sentimentalized, and there could



Captain King—TYRONE POWER

Kurram Khan—GUY ROLFE

(*King of the Khyber Rifles*)

be few pictures that more effectively discouraged vice. FRANÇOISE ARNOUL is fine as the central figure, but the film teems with excellent acting down to the smallest parts. Sad that it will be wasted on nine-tenths of the audience it will get.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A cheerful new one in London is *The Long, Long Trailer*, but the funniest of all, *M. Hulot's Holiday* (25/11/53), has only a day or two to run. The classically brilliant, terrifying but absorbing *Le Salaire de la Peur* (24/2/54) continues.

Releases include *Hobson's Choice* (10/3/54), a good entertaining film though in essence theatrical; and *West of Zanzibar* (7/4/54), splendid coloured pictures of Africa with a boyishly simple adventure-story. RICHARD MALLETT



AT THE OPERA

Teatro dell' Opera Comica
(SADLER'S WELLS)

THIS Company, from Rome, is young, unseasoned, small and loud. It is always surprising how much noise a six-a-side Italian chorus can make, even without trying. At the opening performances both the chorus and the *ad hoc* English orchestra were egged on by a conductor, Maestro MORELLI, who clearly did not realize the fierceness of Wells acoustics.

So far, then, the appeal has been to robust tastes. In the case of *Il Campanello dello Speziale*, a DONIZETTI rarity, the robust approach was uproariously effective. The curtain goes up on a wedding feast in an apothecary's dining-room which smacks strongly of old Naples. The wedding guests are in 1890-ish dresses which cheerfully contradict the music, and in some cases each other, without anybody except purists being a penny the worse for it. The guests leave, the lights dim, and the night-shirted *marito* is about to retire when his shop-bell tinkles: first of a series of loquacious patients (all impersonated by the apothecary's disappointed love-rival) who keep him busy until sunrise.

ANDREA MINEO, who did the masquerades, has a sharp comic talent. Appearing in one of his travesties as a fringe-whiskered goblin with a brown bowler hat, he sang his prescription from an endless scroll in a patter-recitative which moved a minority of initiates from Soho to ecstasy and, what is more to the point, rejoiced those who didn't understand a word of it.

A gift for the grotesque is one thing, comedy of the classical sort quite another. Singing Figaro in *Il Barbiere* the following night, MINEO, whose baritone might be melodious enough if circumspectly used, gave it a needless cutting edge and

acted with jerky unease into the bargain. The Rosina of ERNINA VALLI and the Bartolo of GUGLIELMO BANDINI were nearer the mark vocally: towards the end, indeed, Rosina's *fioritura* took on a richly confident ring. TITO DOLCIOTTI had sung the Apothecary with ready drollery and a serviceable voice. To Basilio he brought the usual badges of office—pregnant gamp, shovel hat, bandanna handkerchief and Widow Twanky stockings. I did not notice much else of relevance. A true Basilio leaves a trail of slime. We laugh at him—and shudder. This, on the other hand, was a Basilio from some half-hearted music-hall.

As a curtain-raiser to *Il Campanello* the company sings another out-of-the-way DONIZETTI piece, *La Capanna Svizzera*, which has been cut from two acts to one so that it will fit. The story has as much charm, or as little, as a wax posy. Capricious Swiss girl turns down bashful Swiss boy but is scared into marrying him by roistering (though innately kind-hearted) soldiers who are conspiratorially billeted on her. We viewed this faded conceit against quivering cut-outs and, instead of backdrop, a black curtain which sat to the rear like a permanent scowl. The designers have done much better than this for *Il Campanello*. But the performance was worth the journey to Rosebery Avenue if only for the delicious *Dolce istante* duet which, unknown to me before, has been running through my head ever since. Most of the time the tenor had no roof to his voice (first night nerves?), and the soprano was not always sure of her note, yet DONIZETTI somehow came across, and that was the main thing.

CHARLES REID



A Hokusai study

the gay are all absorbed by him and expressed, usually, by a minimum use of line or wash or tint. Animated skeletons, heads of demons, men dancing, a fat girl grinding corn (illustrated here), ghosts and warriors are a few more of his subjects in this exhibition. Hokusai was possessed by the demon of energy and work to the exclusion of material comforts or rewards, of which he received little. A born bohemian, an eccentric, a Diogenes, he was, somehow, able to survive. In addition to the many thousands of drawings and prints which he poured forth during his long life, there are stories of huge pictures executed with brooms, covering vast areas, which no longer exist.

Before the influx of Japanese influence on nineteenth-century French painters Hokusai, always seeking new means of expression, was enriching himself by contact with European prints. And to his Oriental decorative sense and delicacy (sometimes most ethereal) were added, by this means, greater powers of foreshortening, and of rendering the solid, than he formerly possessed (see plate 1 for solidity, and hands and feet and goose's neck in No. 44 for foreshortening).

He changed his style almost as frequently as he changed his address (reputedly over ninety times), and this, combined with the catholicity of his subject matter, may have accounted for his lack of popularity with the fashionable highbrows of his day. Perhaps his odd, rather Johnsonian, personal habits may have had something to do with it. Whatever it was, the "old man mad about drawing," as he was known, has long been vindicated, and we acknowledge him gratefully once more at this exhibition as one of the world's great artists.

Recommended

Paris-Londres, Arthur Tooth and Son, 31 Bruton Street, W.1. Impressionist and other French pictures of the usual high quality to be found at this gallery. Closes May 1. ADRIAN DAINTRY



AT THE GALLERY

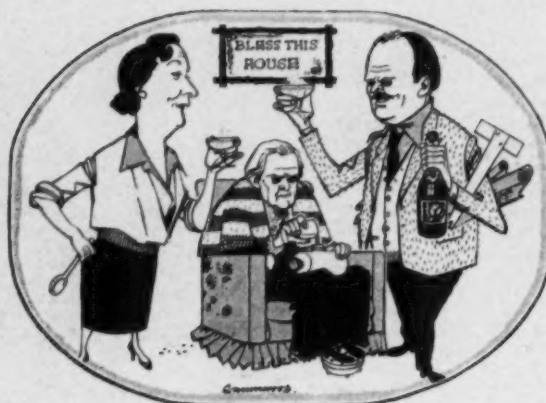
HOKUSAI—A JAPANESE MASTER
(1760–1849)

Arts Council Galleries, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. (Exhibition closes May 1)

HOKUSAI was a many-sided artist. Two alone of his qualities should ensure the popular success of this exhibition: his sense of humour and his sympathy for birds and the smaller kinds of living creatures such as are found in gardens and potting-sheds and on the shore. These two qualities are combined in a number of exquisitely brushed little water-colour sketches from Mr. Tikotin's collection of seventy-nine drawings. "Rat With a Slice of Water Melon" and "A Pair of Sleeping Ducks" (Nos. 61 and 64 respectively) may be taken as examples of this side of his art.

Hokusai had much else to offer. The dramatic, the eerie, the ferocious, and

The Dales and the Archers scored because their features and their social environment remained amorphous. Every devoted listener created her (his) own Mrs. Dale; she was tall or short, fat or lean, winsome or plain according to taste, and she was endowed with enough mental birth-marks to make her character convincing and credible to every arm-chair confidant. Mrs. Grove, on the other hand, is devoid of mystery and does not invite speculation. You must take her as you find her—which means that though many will find her warm, handsome, human and friendly, many more



Television and table-tennis make ideal partners, and the struggles for the Swaythling and Corbillion Cups made excellent and exciting entertainment. In the past we have often been bored to slumber by televised pat-ball demonstrations of defence in depth, but the Japanese team, using the good old "pen grip," made every point a matter of cut-and-thrust and high drama. Their all-out attack, prancing footwork and swift facial reactions to changing fortune kept the screen very much alive, and by contrast made their Czechoslovakian and Hungarian opponents seem strangely cumbersome, leaden-footed and dull. Max

I am not, on the whole, fearful of television's influence on the nation's youth, on literature, on the future of the pub, domestic harmony and creative thought: on the contrary I believe that television can and will prove the most useful and rewarding of all forms of popular entertainment. But when TV exhibits films like the "Orient Express" series, films that no addict would walk a yard to see at the local cinema, I find myself momentarily in agreement with all the scoffers. This is television at its worst, wallowing in all that is futile, debased and crude: and this is precisely what I expect Commercial TV to offer in massive doses. **BERNARD HOLLOWOOD**

It was stated in a recent issue of *Punch* that "camel," as applied to cloth, denoted only colour. The Retail Trading-Standards Association inform us that in their view "camel" implies "camel-hair," and may be legitimately applied only to cloth made entirely of camel-hair.



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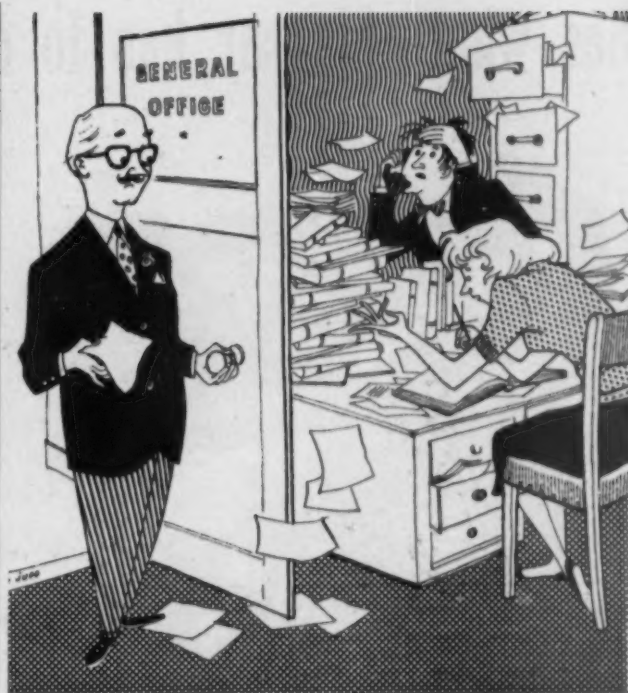
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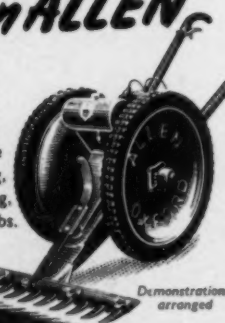
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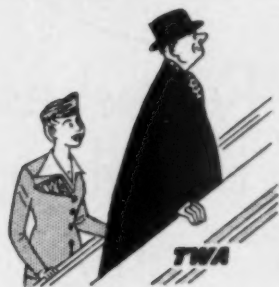
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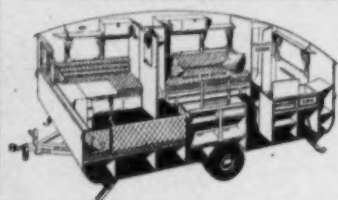
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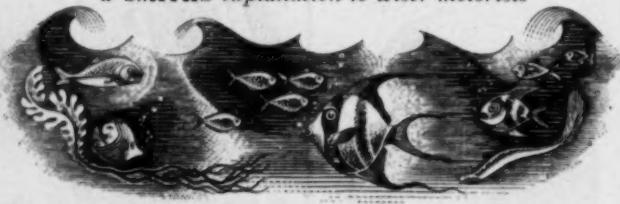
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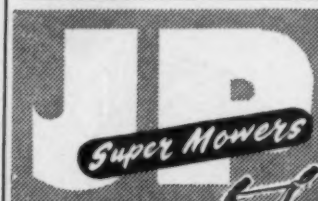
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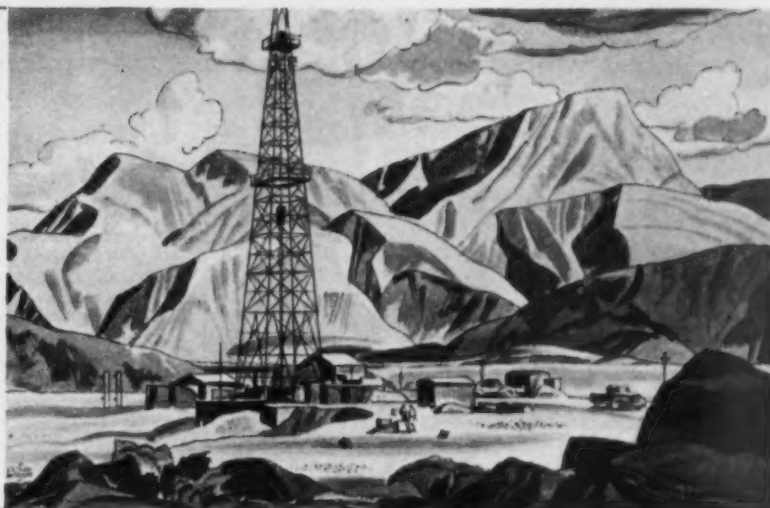
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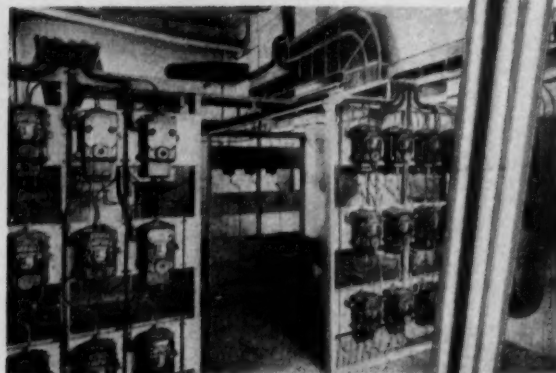


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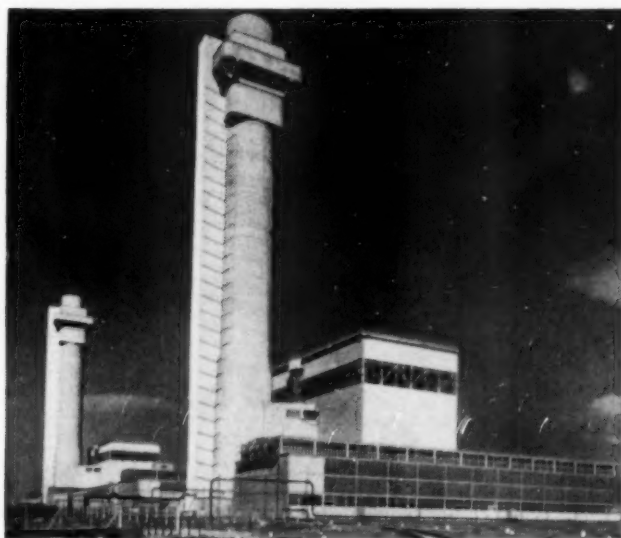
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